

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 14. NO. 20.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

## Our Great Annual July CLEARING SALE IS ON.

Come Every Day....

There will be something of interest going on here every day next week. It will pay you to attend each one of our special hot-weather sales. If you can't come every day come on the days devoted to the sale of goods in which you are specially interested. You will find it well worth your while.

### Monday, Wrapper Day.

Throughout the season this store has been recognized as headquarters for wrappers. The garments we have sold have given satisfaction in fit and wear. Every lady who has purchased here knows what the prices have been. She can now have her pick of the stock at these prices.

All 69, 79 and 109 wrappers, 50 cts.	
" 125, 150 and 175 "	1.00
" 175 and 200 "	1.50

### Tuesday, Wash Goods Day.

Two prominent features of our wash goods stock this season have been the beauty of the fabrics and the lowness of the prices. Ladies can now choose from these cool and dainty fabrics at prices which will mean a loss to us. Our idea is to clean up the stock without considering cost or former selling price.

10c Dimples.....	5 cts.
12c ".....	2 cts.

### Wednesday, Summer Footwear Day.

It is not often that such goodness and style in shoes is found with such prices as we quote below. Our customers know that our shoes are reliable and stylish—that's why these prices mean so much. Come early in the day so your size will not be gone.

7c and \$1.00 Oxfords.....	50
\$1.25 and 1.50 ".....	1.00
\$1.75 and 2.00 ".....	1.50

### Thursday, Parasol Day.

The dainty parasols we have shown this season have been admired by all our customers. Perhaps just the one you have coveted is here yet, the same in every way except that the price is now much lower than it was. Many ladies will improve this opportunity to choose an attractive sun shade at a cut price.

\$2.25 Parasols.....	\$1.45
2.50 ".....	1.50
2.75 ".....	1.75
3.00 ".....	2.00

### Friday, Underwear Day.

Summer underwear for men, women and children, easy-fitting, delightfully cool, and at prices which are an inducement to buy—that's the story about our summer underwear sale. A little time spent here will convince you that we have not been afraid of loss in fixing prices to clean up stock.

2 pairs 5 cts hose for 5 cts	
Full seamless hose 8 cts	
15 cts hose.....	10 cts
25 cts hose.....	15 cts

### Saturday, Hosiery Day.

When stocks dwindle and certain lots are broken, the price cutter goes to work. A glance at the display at hosiery counter will tell you where there's money to be saved.

2 pairs 5 cts hose for 5 cts	
Full seamless hose 8 cts	
15 cts hose.....	10 cts
25 cts hose.....	15 cts

CHAS. E. CRUSOE & Co.,

Rhineland, - - - Wisconsin.

## CITY LIVERY DEALER IN ICE.

### Free Ice to all Churches

The hearse and one three seated covered carriage free with other rigs at low prices for all funerals.

W. F. BALL, Prop.

Henry Stevens spent the Fourth at Antigo with friends.

Mrs. Wm. Sanderson is entertaining a sister from Duluth this week.

Izzie Coehn is entertaining his twin brother Ben, who arrived from Detroit last week.

Miss Lola Billings returned Saturday from Milwaukee, where she has been attending Downer college.

Miss Mabel Faville, of West Superior is the guest of her friend Miss Edith Kelley, at her home in the 15th ward.

Miss Julia Martin left for Antigo Saturday night where she will join the Sutherland Theatre Co., which is filling an engagement there this week.

Large quantities of red raspberries are being gathered in by pickers. A party of two were out the first of the week and rounded up a half-bushel basket in four hours.

In the shoot at known angles, given by the Gun club, at the Fair grounds the Fourth Harry Ashton broke twenty-four clay pigeons out of twenty-five thrown from the trap.

While Henry Chatterton and several other boys were shooting off a "home made" cannon Saturday morning, a lighted match fell in the powder supply with the usual result. Two of the firing squad were badly burned, the Chatterton boy getting the worst of it, his face, neck and both hands being filled with the explosive. Band and bandages were promptly applied to the burns and the boys are gradually recovering.

Henry O'Connor spent the fourth here visiting friends.

Dave Jenkinson came down from Minocqua on the fourth to help out the band.

M. W. Lloyd was up to Ashland last week on legal business for the Land, Log & Lumber Co.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

George W. Mason is home for a brief stay. He reports the lumber trade as rather dull in southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois.

Buy the Cash Department Store \$5 shoe for men, it is the greatest shoe ever offered for less than four dollars. Every pair warranted.

August 12th will be a good day for Rhinelanders. There will be two good sized political conventions, and a large number of visitors besides.

George and Walter O'Connor, of Eagle River, were in the city over Sunday on their way home from Oshosh, where they had been doing witness service in the now celebrated case of Donnelly against Godkin.

The big rain on the night of the third was a grand safeguard against fire on the day following. Not an alarm was turned in, although the amount of powder burned about the city was greater than ever before.

Judge J. W. McCormick went up to Minocqua on the fourth where he delivered the oration of the day. He says that the people there had an excellent celebration arranged and that a big crowd partook of the patriotism of the occasion.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Fry, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

### THE FOURTH.

#### A Rousing Celebration and a Successful One.

The celebration last Saturday was all that could be desired under the circumstances. For a time it was thought that a parade would be out of the question owing to the heavy rains which fell the night of the third and well along into the morning of the fourth. But along towards ten o'clock the heavens cleared and at eleven the parade was moving. It was a very creditable procession. The civic societies made a splendid appearance and the manner in which they turned out showed a commendable appreciation on the part of the members to make the day a success. The exercises at the pavilion were well attended and interesting. In the absence of Judge McCormick, president of the day, Pat. Brennan presided. Miss Abbie Smith read the Declaration of Independence in an effective and intelligent manner. The talk of D. H. Walker, who delivered the oration of the day, was short and well conceived. It was also delivered in a creditable manner. It was short enough to allow us to give all the benefit of its perusal, and we print it herewith entire:

#### THE ORATION.

To-day we are celebrating an event opening into the grandest epoch that civilization has yet experienced; an event that made it possible to realize an era of the highest achievements, the most constant progress and prosperity yet written upon the records of human action.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence stands out among the events of the past as the great epoch making deed of history.

The monument of liberty and independence, reared July 4, 1776, will stand forever against tyrannical cruelty and despotic imposition, for it was reared in the souls of freemen—men of intelligence and willpower who guarded liberty jealously and offered their lives in its defense.

Great historical events are but climaxes resulting from the movements of the masses. A study of the trend of the lines of progress of nations demonstrates that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was the result of acts accumulating from earliest times. History is a record of the progress of individual and national liberty—civilization is its development—American citizenship its grandest event.

Authentic history finds civilization cradled beneath the colossal monuments of Egypt, traces its advance movement through Persia, with her architectural masterpieces of palaces and tombs, a despotic government, strong in war but crippled in art and religion, on into Greece. Pause and view the crumbled relics of Grecian civilization, for in the Grecian Commonwealth the political and intellectual life of the world began. Up to the time that Greece obtained the ruling sceptre of the earth there had been nothing but tyrannical despotism; it was left for her to germinate the principles of political freedom and first form a government of, for and by the people; but even after attaining it the reign of freedom was short lived. Monarchism gained control and Greece succumbed to powerful Rome; her gems of art and architecture are crumbled into ruins; the principles of political freedom, fed and strengthened by the philosophical spirit that will forever perpetuate the greatness of the glory of Greece, gained a strong hold in the minds of the people that time and oppression could not destroy. The fires of liberty had been kindled never to be extinguished; the flames smoldered through centuries of Roman rule and again darted forth in futile spasmodic attempts for recognition.

As Roman supremacy began to decline the governments to the north developed rapidly; attempts were made by the people in what is now Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain and England to gain political rights and voice in affairs of government. Excepting in Switzerland they were rebuffed; oppression and burdens were heaped upon them. These burdens and oppressions became so heavy and severe in both political and religious matters, that the sufferers were driven to American shores that they might escape the yoke of tyranny. They gladly entered the wooded wilds and subjected themselves to the perils and trials of frontier life, in order to have the opportunity of enjoying what they knew to be their rights. Thus was formed the nucleus of a great people. These emigrants formed themselves into colonies and practically governed themselves. Thinkings and monarchs of the old world cared for them but little, never dreaming of what the future would bring forth. The spirit of freedom and liberty had found a place best fitted for aggrandizement. Among those sturdy pioneers were found the men best qualified to establish, defend and perpetuate personal liberty and to inculcate that principle as the leading theme of government. They were fit material for nation builders. The colonies grew in wealth and power until the rulers of Europe perceived that they might be of some use and benefit. In several wars had the colonists shown their strength and valor. King George, of England, attempted to use his power and subject the colonists to unjust measures. This however was not to be accomplished. He was now dealing with a people who had tasted and

were in possession of that priceless boon which their ancestors had striven for centuries to attain. He found a class of men that dared defy his dictation and transgress his unjust commands.

In hewing their homes out of the forest they had enjoyed the freedom that at that period only frontier life could give, but they were mindful of the rights of others in their colonial relations. They were in communion with nature and worshipped nature's God. They had gained their homes by the hardest toll, but they were enjoying that which they had faced the dangers of an ocean voyage and of Indian treachery and cruelty to attain. King George could not credit the idea that these few colonists dared even hesitate in obeying any measure he chose to inflict upon them. Different laws were enacted for the purpose of obtaining revenue from the colonies. The navigation act, mutiny act, act closing Boston harbor, and the tea act were passed; parliament finally enacting, as a fitting climax to this list of tyrannical measures the well known stamp act, all these for the purpose of revenue. The fiery opposition to this measure soon accomplished its repeal, causing much rejoicing among the colonists. But their joy was unfounded for the king soon began enforcing the sugar act and the tea act and the act closing the Boston Harbor together with the less oppressive measures. The mutiny act was especially obnoxious as it was intended to compel the colonists to quarter and provide for the English troops sent to America without expense to the English government. This was in 1770. For five years there was a lull before the storm that was to break forth with sweeping fury. A feeling of uneasiness existed during that time. Few outbreaks occurred but the people were dissatisfied, seemingly but awaiting an opportunity to give vent to their feelings.

The British soldiers were quartered in Boston and the mutiny act enforced. Companies of minute men were formed among the colonies and made ready for any and every emergency. It was evident that the pent up emotion of the people, that intense patriotism born in them, must soon break forth in a powerful demand for justice. It nerve the arm to steel and inspired dashing bravery.

The opportunity came. April 18th, 1775, General Gage, commander of the British at Boston, dispatched a body of troops on that fatal expedition to Concord, with instructions to destroy any stores and ammunition that might be found. You all know well the result, these events are fresh in your minds. The British troops met Col. Parker on the village green at Lexington, and the first shot of the war of the American Revolution was heard; its echoes reverberated among the hills of Vermont, rang through the valleys of New Hampshire and along the shores of Maine. With the speed of the winds it was borne down the picturesque Hudson, on and into every village and hamlet of the Southern Colonies. It was the strongest call to arms that patriot soldiers ever answered. It was the opportunity for which all were waiting and the patriots from thirteen colonies flocked towards Boston. Sheathing his plowshare in mother earth Putnam has ridden one hundred miles within eighteen hours after the call was sounded, that he might draw the sword in defense of his own and his country's honor. Soon after that shot was fired Washington appears at the Congress at Philadelphia uniformed from hat to boot, and with sword belted to his side offers to equip a full regiment at his own expense and lead them on to Boston to battle against the hired representatives of avarice, tyranny and greed. Up to this time there was no thought of forming an independent nation. The colonists were angered at the English king and leaders, not at the English people. Now, however, the war for freedom was surely on and a sentiment favoring an entire separation from the mother country began to be soundly agitated. This feeling soon became general. The assemblies of each colony passed resolutions asking congress to make a Declaration of Independence and this famous document after considerable debate was passed by a unanimous vote and signed at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the celebrated day. The faithful old bell man of the house of congress rang forth the news proclaiming the birth of the nation. The pealing of the old bell of liberty was the sweetest sound to the ear of the patriot. The breeze that bore it fanned the fire of patriotism to a feverish heat; it winged its way across the Atlantic waters and agitated the heart of England's king until it burned for vengeance. It stopped not there but surely rang around the world, and forever will continue its warning peal, nerving the patriots arm as long as there is a blow to be struck for freedom, and as long as there is a tyrant's arm raised to oppress.

Since the war of the Revolution history records its greatest era of prosperity. We, who enjoy the resulting benefits of that struggle, have great reason to celebrate this day. The day that should be marked by universal harmony. No creed, doctrine, class, sect or nationality can mar the union of spirit. The rich and poor, high and lowly, of all places in this fair land, may rejoice on this occasion over the success of our forefathers in the founding and upbuilding of our mighty nation. Violent dissensions and terrible wars have spread destruction and ruin within our borders, but it was done in taking another stride toward individual freedom and pure democracy. There is now no perversion in calling the flag the Emblem of

liberty. The last great stain was washed from its sacred folds by rivers of precious blood. The full price was paid and the stars and stripes floats over a united land of peace. Every breeze that sighs through the northern pine, that sways and trembles the southern palmetto or waves the fields of prairie grain, wafts the notes of peace and freedom to all.

But in the midst of all this peace and privilege within our own borders, glance one moment at the world beyond. There lies to the south-east of us but a day's voyage distant from our coast a fertile Isle in which is being waged one of the fiercest struggles ever fought in defense of human rights. The army of Spain is destroying with savage cruelty in a desperate attempt to maintain control and continue to force unjust burdens upon the Cubans. The patriots of that small island, scarcely as large as our own state, are inflamed with the same zeal that carried our forefathers through the Revolution. The struggle is more cruel, more vicious, than that endured by the thirteen colonies. Their admirable daring and wonderful endurance, have goaded the Spaniard to deeds both desperate and fiendish. Spain has placed in command of her army an officer with the known qualifications of a tyrant and butcher. The principle that all men are created free and equal is a mockery with him. Liberty and justice are not in his vocabulary. Insult and murder are his delight.

This, but one hundred miles from our borders! This, at the end of the nineteenth century! on an island once teeming with industry, and engaged in an immense commerce with civilized countries, and these deeds being performed by a nation long catalogued as civilized! Hyperbole it might be the privilege of spirits once departed, to behold the acts of earth, what sentiment think ye fills the spirits of Washington, LaFayette and Gustavus Adolphus. By the sacred memories of these illustrious patriots of the past, may this nation soon stretch forth its powerful arm once more in defense of right justice, and equally, and firmly established the flag of liberty over the struggling patriots of Cuba. May her heaven-sent strength be ever ready to aid the oppressed.

Surely the mission of history is yet far distant from its goal.

But what is the meaning of all these events and epochs of the past? What is the ultimate object of history? The elevating of the individual and the writing of the human race, that is the goal of all history. To accomplish this each one has a part to perform. To perform it effectively he himself must develop. This is the duty of every citizen. Progress is essentially slow, it is never constant, is continually broken and hindered by wars and other causes, sometimes bringing whole nations below a level once attained.

The nation and government can advance only as the individuals composing the masses shall dictate. The slow movements of the masses, has been the epoch making power in the history of the world, the cause of all evolution and progress in social and national life.

The course of history has produced a type of American citizen that stands out unique, in bold relief from the background of national life. He is energetic, and progressive, bold in war measures, and startling in his master strokes of statesmanship. He constantly opens up new realms of thought, and surprises the world by his wonderful exploits in the fields of science. American citizenship is the highest of earth, a benefaction of the largest caliber, the production of long periods of development. To trace its origin you must run back through the royal highway of time, hand in hand with Anglo Saxon liberty through Runnymede, Elze Hill, Marston Moore, through Lexington, Valley Forge, Shiloh and Gettysburg. It is now possessed and enjoyed by seventy millions of people. However, it is still in a state of evolution, its perfection is not yet attained. Your duty and mine is to improve it, to better it. Occasions of this kind should be milestones along the roadway leading toward its perfection.

It is not only our privilege, but our duty to exert mind and body to attain higher ideals, and create general benefit. What an inspiration to call to mind the lives and achievements of the men who have made our history, who put forth such powerful efforts to place our government and nation in the position it now occupies among others of the earth. Their memories are sacred, not only to Americans but to every lover of liberty. The names of Washington and Lincoln are never uttered without stirring the soul of soldier and citizen, inspiring greater efforts to benefit man-kind, to lift all to a higher level.

So also with Franklin, Patrick Henry, Madison, Jefferson, Clay and Webster, who created our constitution and supported it in the halls of Congress. Putnam, Warren, Ethan Allen, Stark and Marion. Those of later day Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Garfield and many others of the rank and file, who risked their lives and shed their blood to ward off oppression and establish justice for all. Their memories all inspire noble purposes and noble deeds. What a register of mighty names! What a cluster of brilliant names in history's golden casket! What impressions their memories leave upon the souls of men.

May we remember and practice the lessons their lives have taught us, worthily wear the part of American citizenship.

The afternoon was given over to the program at the Agricultural

Society's grounds, and well did they entertain. It was the first time that the public has seen the new grounds and the improvements and to say that they were agreeably surprised is to state the case mildly. The new grand stand comfortably seats five hundred people and commands an excellent view of the entire track. The buildings and fences are substantially built and with the race course form a very creditable outfit for the Association. The attendance at the grounds was fully up to expectations. There were nearly a thousand paid admissions, and as the children of the county were admitted free there were at least eighteen hundred people on the grounds. The stand was crowded to its fullest capacity. The program proved to be an interesting one, and there was no end of fun. The farmers' race was a beauty. The fact that they run the first heat and trotted the second shows what Oneida county stock can do when it is hard pushed. The boys' running race had seventy-three starters. Those who weren't run over made pretty good time. The races were all closely contested and every one held the interest of the crowd. The free-for-all trot was won by Robin Hood. The three-minute race was won by Frank Robbins' horse. The two-mile bicycle race was won by Laer, of Appleton, with Claude Shepard second. The latter fell on the back stretch and then captured second place amidst the applause of the crowd. The boys' bicycle race was won by Fred Wedge. The one hundred yard foot race was won by Leslie Langley in eleven seconds, which is good time considering the heavy track. The pony race was a spirited one and was captured by Stowe. The boys' pony race was taken by Ralph Brown. The grased pig fell a victim to the job put up by the High School boys. They were there in force and swooped down on the pig in a manner that discouraged him. They got the five dollars brought at sale Monday. The sack race had a dozen or more entries and was captured by a boy who had mastered the art of hopping on one leg in a bag. The Gun club gave an interesting exhibition of target shooting, which surprised those who have not seen the club's work before. The band did not go to the fair grounds, but remained on the streets. There was plenty of good music, however, furnished by the file and drum corps, and it was liberally applauded by the people.

#### NOTES OF THE DAY.

The dances in the building on the fair ground did a good business. Music was furnished by Lyons brothers band.

The fire works were discharged from the Wisconsin river bridge and made a fine appearance.

Several of our citizens had displays of fireworks at their homes which gave the town a decidedly interesting appearance during the evening.

But one accident was reported during the day. C. W. Chatterton's boy was a victim of a premature discharge of powder in the morning which severely burned his hands, arms and face. It was not serious, however.

Much favorable comment was brought out by the fine looking uniforms of the Catholic Knights and the K. P.'s Uniform Band.

The dances at the opera houses in the evening were well attended, and the crowds appeared to enjoy themselves immensely.

The attendance of outsiders at the celebration was decidedly good. There were a good many here from all the surrounding towns.

The Agricultural society management desire to thank the people for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon them. And by the same token the Society is entitled to the thanks of the people for the manner in which the program was gotten up and carried out.

The scarcity of drunken men was noticeable on the Fourth all day.

There was but little over-indulgence. The saloons kept open all night the night preceding and following the Fourth.

The Rhinelanders brewery was there in the procession with its annual float display.

The first race at the fair grounds was delayed somewhat by a collision which used up some sulky and was fortunate not to have hurt some one.

It is quite likely that a foot race will be arranged between Leslie Langley and a sprint runner from Minocqua. The latter was here the Fourth and wanted to run, but as he did not get his application in until a heat had been run the judges ruled that he could not enter. He is said to go in close to ten seconds and if he does it would make a good race. The Agricultural Society could make a success of a race meet for horses and bicyclists, with the one hundred yard run for a feature. Let's have it. The Agricultural Society took in the sum of \$270 on the day. They paid out in purses \$90.00. The balance has been used to pay up a number of outstanding bills which is a great relief to the society. They now owe \$20.00 on the grounds and for lumber, which amounts they will be able to take care of after the first annual fair.

Postmaster Laer's son from Appleton carried off first prize in every bicycle race he entered.

Joseph Pilon offers his saloon building on Brown street for rent. It is supplied with a complete saloon outfit and can be had on reasonable terms. Inquire at the New North office.



## NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PAINTING COMPANY.  
RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

The Oregon, soon to be put into commission, will be the most powerful battleship on the Pacific ocean.

SIXTEEN to one means that this government shall declare by legislation that one grain of gold is equivalent to sixteen grains of silver; in other words, that as a gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of pure gold, that sixteen times that much of pure silver, namely 371.52 grains, shall by act of congress be enacted to be its equal in value.

A FURNAL among the artisans of Japan, according to a report from Robert P. Porter, costs from 53 cents to \$1. The coffin costs 20 cents, cremation 73 cents, refreshments for mourners 10.5 cents, offerings of flowers one-quarter of a cent, doctor's certificate 3 cents, etc. Compare these figures with the ruling prices from an American undertaker.

AFTER September 1 in the state of New York every boy and girl who is between 11 and 16 years old and employed in a wholesale or retail store will be required to have a certificate from the department of health, under the new laws passed during the last session of the legislature affecting the employment of minors in mercantile and manufacturing establishments.

ACCORDING to the report of the Geological survey the total value of the mineral products of the United States for 1893 was \$611,795,290. This is said to be greater than in any previous year except 1892, when it was \$618,000,000. The list follows: bituminous coal, \$113,749,771; anthracite coal, \$82,012,273; silver, \$50,764,300; petroleum, \$37,691,377; gold, \$47,000,000.

THE Abigail Adams chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution of Quincy, Mass., has erected a cairn on the top of Payne's hill in memory of Abigail Adams the mother of President John Quincy Adams. It marks the spot where she, with her son, John Quincy Adams, then a boy of seven, watched the smoke of burning Charlestown and listened to the guns at the battle of Bunker Hill.

THE gliding in the throne room of the sultan of Constantinople is unequalled by any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs a superb Venetian chandelier, the 200 lights of which make a gleam like that of a veritable sun. At each of the four corners of the room tall candelabra in baccarat glass are placed, and the throne is a huge seat covered with red velvet and having arms and back of pure gold.

THE Michigan dentists in convention assembled are on record as being in favor of the appointment of a tooth inspector in every community, whose duty it shall be to examine the mouths of school children, with power to enforce any such hygienic regulation as the dental fraternity may decide is necessary for the betterment of the mouth examined. It was also determined to ask for some legislative enactment in the premises.

ACCORDING to a Paris journal, a French scientist, is trying to compel bees to make medicated honey for the cure of various diseases. He keeps the bees under glass and furnishes only such flowers as possess the desired properties. By the different kinds of honey thus produced influenza, coughs and colds, indigestion, asthma and many other ills are said to be readily if indirectly reached. These medicines ought to be decidedly palatable.

WHEN Sir William Harcourt resigned his practice at the parliamentary bar in order to enter upon a political life, he was earning \$14,000 a year. Up to December last his servitude in parliament covers a period of 27 years. Supposing he had not improved on a position gained while a comparatively young man, Sir William would, in this more than a quarter of a century, have netted \$775,000. His receipts of ministerial salary within that time is put at \$45,000.

THE prominent men in recent South African history are noted for their utter lack of humor. President Kruger never cracked a joke in his life, and wouldn't know a witticism from a pistol shot. Cecil Rhodes is a serious-minded individual, who fails to find anything amusing even in that hilarious sheet, London Punch. Dr. Jameson is interestingly matter-of-fact, and never grows facetious. Recent events have tended to increase this sober-mindedness.

FREEMAN RANDALL, of Riverside, Me., is possessed of both good luck and good nerves. When he fell from the top of a ventilator the other day, and after striking on his head on the shingled roof, bounced along to the eaves and then to the ground, 60 feet from where he started, he landed on his feet, and after feeling himself over to assure himself that he was all there, climbed back to his former perch and resumed his work as though nothing had happened.

JOHN HARBERTON states that mosquitoes are extremely frightened by dragon flies and will not come within yards of them. He says that one or two dried dragon flies suspended from fine silk under the roof of an open porch infested by mosquitoes will scare all of the little pests away, and they will not come back while the dragon flies are there. This, he says, he has tried with surprising results. It is a well known fact that dragon flies are predatory and voracious insects, and as they subsist largely upon gnats, midges and mosquitoes, it is natural that the mosquito should be wary.

## NATIONAL PARTY.

Its Creed Set Forth in an Address from Headquarters.

It Favors Prohibition, Woman Suffrage and Free Silver—Reasons Given for the Formation of the New Organization.

Alliance, O., July 6.—The national executive committee of the new national party has just issued an address from its headquarters in this city, setting forth the party's origin, principles and purposes. After reciting the fact of the party's organization at Pittsburgh, May 29, 1896, it announces its platform in 13 planks, which may be summarized thus:

The Platform.  
1. Absolute suppression of the traffic in liquor as a beverage and the sale of liquors for medicinal and other legitimate purposes by the state without profit.  
2. Equal suffrage regardless of sex.  
3. Universal suffrage to one, without consulting other nations and the abolition of national bank notes.  
4. Reclamation of the public domain and the future disposal of public domain lands to actual settlers for continuous use.  
5. Governmental ownership and operation of railroads, telegraphs and other natural monopolies.  
6. Amendment of the constitution to allow national revenues to be raised by equitable duties on imports and exports, and to be levied as a means of securing equitable commercial relations with other nations.  
7. Abolition of the contract labor system in prisons.  
8. Protection of citizens in their right to one day's rest in seven, whether Sunday or any other day, according to conscience.  
9. Teaching in American public schools to be in the English language and no public funds to be appropriated for sectarian institutions.  
10. Election of president, vice president and senators by direct vote.  
11. Liberal provisions for ex-soldiers and sailors, their widows and minor children, graded according to disability and term of service, "not merely as a debt of gratitude, but for service rendered in the preservation of the union."  
12. Exclusion of pauper and criminal immigrants and prevention of voting by unqualified citizens until one year after naturalization.  
13. Adoption of the initiative and referendum and proportional representation.

An Explanation.  
The address concludes with an explanation as to why the national party was organized. The explanation briefly is that, while the prohibition and people's parties each aim at certain reforms advocated by the new party, neither went far enough and both fell short of what political organization should stand for. All citizens who desired the good of the whole people and the overthrow of political wrongs are invited to vote for Charles E. Bentley for president and James H. Southgate for vice president of the United States in November. The address is signed by the members of the national executive committee. They are: L. R. Logan, chairman; John H. St. John, vice chairman; D. J. Thomas, secretary; A. M. Todd, treasurer; Helen M. Gough, John Lloyd Thomas and R. S. Thompson.

HEAVY FAILURE.  
Big Grain Firm in Minneapolis Assigns—Liabilities, \$60,000.  
Minneapolis, Minn., July 4.—The Kirkbridge-Palmer company, one of the biggest grain firms of Minneapolis, filed a deed of assignment to the Minneapolis Trust company Friday afternoon. No cause for the assignment is given, but the firm got on the wrong side of the wheat market. Just how the squeeze was is not indicated by the deed of assignment. Common rumor puts the liabilities at about \$70,000.

Summer Resort Burned.  
Datepoint, Ia., July 4.—Friday afternoon the Watch Tower inn, at Blackhawk's Watch Tower, the beautiful summer resort on Rock river, Rock Island county, Ill., was burned to the ground. The fire is supposed to have started from a live electric wire coming in contact with the woodwork. The building cost \$12,500 a few years ago, and is a total loss. Insurance will cover one-half. Preparations to rebuild were commenced at once.

Revere His Memory.  
Richmond, Va., July 3.—The three-day's meeting of over 100,000 confederates ended yesterday in the laying of the corner stone of the Jefferson Davis memorial monument. It will cost \$100,000, and will be one of the most magnificent memorials in the United States. The site was donated by the city council.

Broke the Record.  
New York, July 6.—Arthur E. Smith, the veteran cyclist, who left Chicago last Sunday week for this city, in the endeavor to break the bicycle record of 12 hours and 15 minutes, between that city and this, arrived here at 3:51 o'clock Saturday morning, smashing the record by four hours and 51 minutes.

Abandon Search for the Chikora.  
Denton Harbor, Mich., July 4.—The Graham & Morton company abandoned forever Friday morning the search for the lost Chikora. The third thorough search was completed Friday, covering the lake bottom from Stevensville to South Haven, eight miles farther, and to a depth of 150 feet.

Gets a Life Sentence.  
Milwaukee, July 4.—Judge Walker on Friday sentenced John Holzinger in imprisonment at hard labor in Waupun for the balance of his life. Holzinger murdered his mother-in-law, Catherine Mueller, and seriously wounded his wife. He pleaded self-defense.

Will Go Its Own Way.  
Berlin, July 3.—At a banquet in Wilhelmshaven Emperor Wilhelm said during a speech: "The fatherland is resolved to go its own way, counting on one's favor, doing no one wrong, but ever ready to uphold peace and order in the world."

Ohio Town Suffers by Fire.  
Toledo, O., July 6.—Whitehouse, a town of 500 inhabitants, 17 miles south of here, was partly destroyed by fire Sunday morning. Loss, \$22,000; insurance unknown.

## A STRIKERS FUNERAL.

Over 10,000 Persons Attended the Exercises in Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., July 6.—At the funeral of William Hutter, the striker killed at the Brown hoisting works, Mr. Thorpe, who it is thought will be made bishop of the Buffalo diocese, delivered the sermon and in his remarks said:

"The body of this young man lies before this altar. We know how he came here. Human passion is strange, and the lesson to-day teaches that we many times go beyond our strength, and that there is no way to reason against human passion. The lesson we must learn to-day is that in society there are two classes, capitalists and wage-earners. Next to capital there is the strong right arm of labor. One cannot exist without the other. The capitalist has the right to manage his capital. He has the right under the laws of the state and nation. He makes hazardous adventures, and on account of the risks in business has the right to do as he chooses. He may abuse that right and forget God in his enjoyment of his riches. If he does, there is a remedy, but it does not lie in passion or violence. I speak to you as brothers. The remedy is public sentiment and the law. There is another class, the wage-earners, and those who administer the law must protect them. Scenes have been enacted during the past week which should never have occurred. These men who have become victims of your hate have rights under the law."

## AGREE ON A COMMITTEE.

Men Who Will Run the McKinley and Hobart Campaigns.

Cleveland, O., July 4.—The republican national committee's headquarters will be in New York city and there will be no branch anywhere. The campaign of education through the dissemination of literature will open immediately and the regular campaign about September 1. The executive committee will meet in Cleveland for the first time about July 20. The members of the executive committee as agreed upon between McKinley, Hobart and Hanna are as follows:

Mark A. Hanna, Cleveland, chairman.  
Charles G. Dawes, Evanston, Ill.  
W. T. Durbin, Anderson, Ind.  
Cyrus Leland, Troy, Kan.  
John L. Long, St. Augustine, Fla.  
Joseph H. Manley, Augusta, Me.  
Warner Miller, Hickman, N. Y.  
George C. Peck, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Matthew S. Quay, Beaver, Pa.  
William McKinley, Osborne, Roxbury, Mass., secretary.

Some of these names are dependent upon the agreement of all the party leaders within their respective states, it being Hanna's settled policy not to antagonize any faction by the appointment of an opponent.

## VICTIM OF STROKE.

Prof. J. C. Foye Overcome by Heat and Dying at Chicago.

Chicago, July 4.—Friday's sultry air was responsible for a number of fainting fits, for a number of collapses and for one death. While riding on a bicycle along Michigan avenue near Thirty-fifth street about three o'clock p. m. Prof. James Clark Foye, head professor of chemistry at Armour institute, fell dead, overcome by heat and fatigue. Prof. Foye was 52 years of age and had been professor of chemistry at Armour institute since its opening. He was one of the most popular instructors in the school, with both students and faculty. He held a professorship and was vice president of Lawrence university at Appleton, Wis., for several years previous to coming here.

## DEED OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.

She Burns Herself and Her Little Daughter to Death.

Hillsboro, Ill., July 6.—Shortly before midnight Friday night, Mrs. Robert Young, residing with her husband and family at Bonnellton, ten miles south of this city, locked herself and her ten-year-old daughter in a bedroom, and after saturating the bed with kerosene, ignited it, burning herself and daughter to death. The house was entirely consumed. The husband, who occupied another apartment, succeeded in getting their other five children out of the building alive. Mrs. Young has been exceedingly jealous of her husband for several months, and it is thought that this caused temporary insanity.

## Probably Killed by a Tramp.

Kenosha, Wis., July 6.—The body of Mrs. August Hildendorf was found in a milkhouse at her home in Pleasant Prairie, near this city, at six p. m. Saturday, with her skull crushed and throat cut. The implement of death being a corn knife. She had evidently been dead about three hours. The other members of the family were in Kenosha celebrating, but it is said her husband went home at about three o'clock. Both he and a son, who found the murdered woman, are under arrest, but many attribute the crime to a tramp.

## Murdered at a Dance.

Alliance, Neb., July 6.—W. H. Hubbell, a wealthy stockman of this place, attended a dance at Lakeside Saturday night and was found near the railroad track early Sunday morning breathing his last. A deep wound, presumably made by a blow from a revolver on the back of his head, caused death. It is supposed that revenge was the motive. He was brought to this city Sunday morning. There is little clew to the murder.

## Minnesota Republicans.

St. Paul, Minn., July 2.—The republicans held their convention here Wednesday. A full state ticket was nominated. Hon. David M. Cough being the choice for governor. The platform indorses that adopted at St. Louis, recognizing the rights of the laboring man, expresses itself in favor of good roads and favors the taxation of unused railroad lands.

## The Cannon Exploded.

Paw Paw, Ill., July 6.—Ernest Knauer, a young man aged 20, who lived at Compton, five miles west of here, was killed Saturday morning. He was attempting to shoot a cannon when it exploded, blowing his eyes out and fracturing his skull. He lived only a few hours.

## To Succeed Batelli.

Rome, July 6.—The pope has nominated Mgr. Diomede Talconis, papal delegate to the United States in succession of Cardinal Satolli, who is expected to arrive here on July 15.

## A FAMOUS LIFE ENDS.

Death at Hartford, Conn., of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A Brief Synopsis of the Life of the Gifted Woman Who Gave to the World the Great Novel "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Hartford, Conn., July 2.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred" and other works of world-wide reputation, died at her home, No. 73 Forest street, at noon Wednesday without regaining consciousness. She passed peacefully away as though into a deep sleep. By her bedside at the time were her son, her two daughters, her married sister and her husband and Dr. Edward Hooker, her nephew, who was also her medical attendant, and other relatives. Mrs. Stowe's malady, of many years' continuance, a mental trouble, took an acute form on Friday, when congestion of the brain with partial paralysis appeared. During Friday, Saturday and Sunday Mrs. Stowe was about the house, but



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

suffering very much. Since Monday morning she has been confined to her bed, and Tuesday afternoon became unconscious.

Mrs. Stowe, until about seven years ago, was in good health, although she was frail bodily.

## Short Biography of Mrs. Stowe.

Mrs. Stowe was the third daughter and sixth child of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. She was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812. She was left motherless at the age of four years, and was then placed under the care of her grandmother, who lived at Guilford, Conn. After her father's second marriage her education was continued at the Litchfield academy. Her father, though a Calvinist clergyman, was possessed of broad and liberal views. He had early espoused the cause of the colored man, and night and morning in family devotion Harriet heard her father appeal to heaven that the time of deliverance might come to poor, oppressed, bleeding Africa. The effect of such sermons and prayers on the mind of an imaginative and sensitive child can hardly be conceived. They tended to make her from early childhood the enemy of all slavery.

## Married a Clergyman.

In January, 1836, she married Calvin Ellis Stowe, a clergyman of the parish of Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati. Her home in Cincinnati was a station for the colored man, and many a fugitive slave found temporary quarters there before being helped to friends and freedom on the Canadian border. Many a night Mrs. Stowe sank into uneasy slumber, expecting to be roused by the howling of a mob led by the agents of exasperated and desperate slaveholders.

In 1850 Mrs. Stowe published "The Mayflower; or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims," being a collection of papers which she had from time to time gathered up. It seemed to her a station for the colored man, and many a fugitive slave found temporary quarters there before being helped to friends and freedom on the Canadian border. Many a night Mrs. Stowe sank into uneasy slumber, expecting to be roused by the howling of a mob led by the agents of exasperated and desperate slaveholders.

It was at the height of the excitement caused by the passage of the fugitive slave law, it seemed to her as if slavery was about to extend itself over the free states. She conversed with many benevolent and tender-hearted Christian men and women who were blind and deaf to arguments against it, and she concluded that it was really meant. She determined, if possible, to make them realize it, and as a result of this determination, wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly."

## "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Great Success.

Neither Mrs. Stowe nor any of her friends had the least conception of the future of the book. She was herself very dependent. It does not seem to have been very widely read when it appeared in the National Era at Washington, D. C., from June, 1851, till April, 1852, before it was issued in book form. During the first year 22,000 copies of the book were sold.

Mrs. Stowe published in 1852 "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin. Presenting the Original Facts and Documents Upon Which the Story is Founded. Together with Corroborative Statements Verifying the Truth of the Work." She also wrote "A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin for Children." The story has been dramatized into various forms, once by the author as "The Christian Slave."

Mrs. Stowe wrote many other books, most of which were just published as serials in the leading magazines.

## Mrs. Stowe's Funeral.

Hartford, Conn., July 3.—The funeral of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was held at her late home in this city at five o'clock Thursday afternoon. The services were of the simplest character. The remains were taken to Andover, Mass., for interment.

## Waite Kicked Out.

Denver, Col., July 6.—Ex-Gov. Waite made a dramatic exit from the state populist convention Saturday, accompanied by 53 delegates. The ex-governor represented the minority faction from Arapahoe county, which was not allowed a place in the convention, and he took occasion to denounce the pathing as illegal, saying he would carry an appeal to the national convention at St. Louis July 22.

## Jay for Gamblers.

Milwaukee, July 4.—The Milwaukee gamblers had their inning in court after waiting a long time for it. Judge Johnson declared the anti-gambling ordinance that has been in vogue here since 1890 unconstitutional.

## Insurgent Leaders to Be Shot.

Hararra, July 6.—The insurgent leaders, Topanc, Balcio, Jose Jesus and Rodriguez, have been imprisoned in the Sagua jail and sentenced to death.

## Observed the Day.

Chicago, July 6.—Dispatches from all sections of the country tell of the observance of Independence day in the usual manner.

## MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending July 6.

In June there were 2,593 deaths from cholera in Cairo, Egypt. It is said that Russia has obtained absolute freedom of trade in northern China.

Flames among lumber yards and iron works in Brooklyn, N. Y., caused a loss of \$800,000.

Earthquakes were occurring daily at Arequipa, Peru, and much damage was being done.

Work is soon to be begun on fortifications for the defense of New York, to cost \$24,000,000.

Whitehouse, a town of 500 inhabitants 15 miles south of Toledo, O., was nearly destroyed by fire.

At Red Oak, Ia., John R. Gentry broke the world's record for stallions, going a mile in 2:03 1/4.

The cruiser Charleston has returned to San Francisco after an absence of two years in Asiatic waters.

Solomon Marable was hanged at Farmville, Va., for the murder of Mrs. Lucy Jane Pollard, June 14, 1895.

A two-foot vein of gold ore, assaying \$2,500 a ton, has been found in the Hill mountain district of South Dakota.

Ten thousand coal miners in the Birmingham (Ala.) district received an advance of seven per cent. in wages.

Near Adairville, Ky., H. H. Harmon, the town marshal, and Dick Younger, an outlaw, killed each other in a duel.

Sidney Handolph, a negro, charged with the murder of Little Sadie Buxton, was lynched by a mob at Rockville, Md.

James Lee, a farmer near Lovington, Ill., was killed by lightning during a storm. He was sitting in a chair reading.

Rachel Mogstad and Bessie Younggren, two young Norwegian girls, took their own lives in Chicago because of poverty.

During a storm at Hardin's Valley, Tenn., Arthur Peake, a young farmer, and two sisters named Swan were killed by lightning.

A man supposed to be R. Pharon, from the insane asylum at Clarinda, Ia., was struck by a fast mail train at Galesburg, Ill., and killed.

The assistant attorney-general of Illinois, Mr. Newall, has rendered a decision in which he holds that greenbacks are taxable property.

Charles List, aged 23, deaf and dumb, while in bathing in the Sangamon river at Chanderlerville, Ill., swam too far from shore and was drowned.

Arthur E. Smith rode from Chicago to New York on a bicycle in 142 hours and 15 minutes, breaking the record by 4 hours and 51 minutes.

A cloudburst at London, Ind., swept away several houses and stores and in the surrounding country many bridges and all the crops were destroyed.

J. E. Hardy, a high-wire performer from Toronto, made two trips across the gorge at Niagara Falls on a three-quarter-inch wire rope which was 160 feet above the water.

The export of bananas from Gibralt, Nuevitas and Obeyes has been prohibited by Gen. Weyler on the ground that the steamers engaged in the trade bring supplies to the Cuban insurgents.

C. L. Lund died suddenly at Algona, Ia., and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from apoplexy. He was prominent in democratic politics in Iowa and was in the legislature in 1890.

The new city directory just published at Dubuque, Ia., shows 16,500 names after deducting firm names. The lowest multiple, 21, gives a population of 42,225, while the multiple generally used would show over 50,000 population.

## ST. JOHN RESIGNS.

Retires from the New York Bank Because of His Sister's Views.

New York, July 4.—William P. St. John, president of the Mercantile national bank, has resigned his position. Mr. St. John has for several years been an outspoken advocate of the free coinage of silver, and in this has been at variance with the directors of the bank.

The feeling in banking circles against the advocacy of free silver by a bank president has been very strong, and it resulted in making Mr. St. John's relations with his business colleagues very unpleasant.

## A Pigeon's Rapid Flight.

Philadelphia, July 6.—The most remarkable pigeon flying record ever made in the world was accomplished Saturday by a bird belonging to Arthur McGinn, a pigeon fancier of this city. The bird, together with 65 others, was liberated at 6:45 Saturday morning at Galesville, Ga. The bird reached its loft at 7:42 Saturday night, making the distance of 614.16 miles in 13 hours and two minutes.

## A Costly Fire.

Paris, July 2.—Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, of New York, gave an elaborate feast Thursday, which was, however, somewhat marred by a heavy rain, keeping many persons at home and causing other guests to withdraw early. Three thousand invitations were issued for the affair, and it is said 20,000 francs (\$100,000) were spent for the entertainment of the guests.

## Breaks the Record.

For Harbor, Me., July 2.—Oriole Horse company's running team Thursday afternoon broke the world's record for a horse team race, running 1,300 feet, laying hose, breaking coupling, in 1:61, at the centennial meet.

## Minnesota Prohibitionists.

Minneapolis, Minn., July 2.—The prohibitionists of Minnesota in convention Wednesday nominated a state ticket headed by William J. Dean, of this city, for governor. A broad gauge platform was adopted.

## Turks Defeated.

London, July 2.—A dispatch to the Central News from Athens says that the Christian insurgents have defeated the Turks under Abdullah Pasah at Djoujary, killing and wounding 200 of the troops.

## BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Current Movements Have Been on the Day by Day Plan.

Mills Are Waiting for Orders and Prices Are Depressed—Failure Returns for the Second Quarter of the Year.

New York, July 4.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, says:

"Current movements have been so largely of a temporary character or else purely speculative on the day by day plan, that they are not highly instructive. Thus an extensive shut-down of cotton mills is solely in the hope that half production in July and August may clear a largely overstocked market. Stocks quotations were still more speculative, including two sharp declines and partial rallies within a week, both laboriously ascribed to various political causes, but mainly due to keen operators who saw chances for a quick turn."

"Extended reviews of the half year's operations in leading branches of trade, however, go far to explain the present stagnation in business, and are without concern. Mills are waiting for orders, the sales of wool having been not a third of last year's for the same week. Prices are depressed, but still depend on foreign possibilities. In cotton goods the closing of many mills, both north and south, including two sharp declines and partial rallies within a week, both laboriously ascribed to various political causes, but mainly due to keen operators who saw chances for a quick turn."

"The outlook for the second quarter of 1896, April 1 to June 30, inclusive, cover 2.55 in the United States, against 2.55 in the same quarter of last year. Failures for the week have been 25 in the United States, against 22 last year, and 22 in Canada, against 21 last year."

Bradstreet's says:

"General trade, in both commercial and industrial lines, is dull, but the falling in, in part, the usual midsummer dullness. Comparatively few changes are noted, but most of them are decreases in either price or demand. Quotations for wheat, Indian corn, cotton, oats, iron and steel are lower. Sugar has reacted after its downward week, leather shoes are conspicuously firm, with shoe factories busily employed, and petroleum and anthracite coal are higher. The sentiment of the trade at many points is that the immediate outlook for business is not favorable. At some western centers complaint is made that the purchasing power of the agricultural community is curtailed by prolonged low prices for farm products. The general industrial situation shows no renewal of activity."

## TWO KILLED IN A DUEL.

Outlaw at Adairville, Ky., and the Town Marshal Are Dead.

Russellville, Ky., July 6.—A deadly duel took place near Adairville Saturday morning. Dick Younger went to town drunk. As he rode out of town he fired his pistol. H. H. Harmon, the town marshal, jumped on a horse and started after Younger. An hour later both men were found dead about one mile from the town. Both had been shot through the heart, and only one chamber in each revolver had been discharged. There were no witnesses.

## Mine Sold to Englishmen.

East Lake City, July 4.—A deal through which the De Lamar mine of De Lamar, Nev., passed from the hands of its former owners to an English syndicate has just been consummated. The consideration for the property is not definitely known, but it is estimated to be from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000.

## Massacre of Jews.

London, July 3.—The Daily News publishes a dispatch from Odessa saying that a number of Russian soldiers have wrecked the houses occupied by Jews at Mimbisch, in the government of Kiev. They killed several persons, wounded a number of others and outraged many women and girls.

## Went to Gray Gables.

Washington, July 1.—President Cleveland left Washington at seven o'clock over the Pennsylvania railroad. All executive business will be transacted at Gray Gables during the summer, but official announcements, as heretofore, will be made from the executive mansion in Washington.

## Aid Asked For.

Philadelphia, July 3.—It was decided Thursday by the executive committee of the Associate Society of the Red Cross of Philadelphia to appeal to the public to aid the 53 widows and the 189 orphans who are left penniless by the mine disaster at Pittston.

## Wisconsin Silverites.

Milwaukee, July 2.—The silverites, headed by Ruben A. Cole, have issued a call for a state silver convention to be held in Milwaukee on July 15 to elect delegates to the national silver convention to be held in St. Louis on July 22.

## Pension Lawyer Disbarred.

Washington, July 4.—The secretary of the interior has disbarred Elijah G. Tenn, a pension attorney at Amelia, O., from practicing before the interior department. He is charged with receiving illegal fees in pension cases.

## Cut His Wife's Throat.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 1.—Charles Williams (colored), of Baltimore, cut his wife's throat with a razor here and then served himself in the same manner.

## Child Smothered in Bed.



## THE WANDERER.

There was presage of a storm. Masses of blue-black clouds hung over the sunset. The wind wailed and died, and died and wailed. In the roadway rusty leaves leaped suddenly to the air, died and swirled, strove to unite with the tree that had cast them, shivered in the dyke. In the fringe of the cloud there was a star.

A stile had been fixed at the turning of the road. It had three bars and a step to cross by. On either side the hedge grew thickly; and there also two trees, like guardians, gaunt in the horrid light. So the stile was picturesque. But it had its uses. On the further side there stretched a path across the meadow; it led to the old house that had stood among the beech trees for generations. From the stile you could see the turrets above the tree tops. The inheritor of the name of Dalrymple, the squire, lived there. If you followed the road, you could also come to the hall, and enter by the great gate. But the pathway was nearer by far.

On the side of the pathway, in the angle where it joined the stile, there lay a pond. In the district thereabouts it was looked on as a place of ill omen, and back to a time out of mind the children of Dalrymple had passed it at nightfall with speedy steps and eyes averted. Yet not to folk learned in lore, but to the weirdness of the place itself, should you go for the reason. The trees grew close to the margin and met overhead, save only the center, where the banks were widest. If a stranger should take a stone and hurl it to that point he would get in return a tone so deep and resonant as well might make him wonder. How the trunks creaked and whined, and the wind whistled in the branches. And the shadows were black on the pond.

A man was seated on the stile. His back was to the road, and his eyes were fixed upon the turret tops above the trees. He had come upon a journey; you could tell it from his boots. He was hungry; you could tell it from his eyes. Such a man, indeed, as one would pass upon the further side of the road, and be glad to get rid of toward evening. What hangs to feet one vaguely calls "boots," with him it was scraps of leather. And low thin he was! Through the rents of his garments there peeped out angles so sharp that the coldest, if he saw them, could scarcely withhold his pity. At the points they were lacerated by thorns, but the blood had congealed and lay matted thickly with the dust of travel. His hands were like claws. Long, sinewy, toil-stained, they protruded shamefully from his rags, and, clutching the rail upon either side, kept him fixed on his narrow perch.

There is a penny that chills the blood. It was in the face of that man. Coarse, tangled, thickly dotted with dust, his hair hung loose and rank upon his shoulders. A scanty growth of unkempt beard, streaked and tinged with gray, bristled from the lower portions of his face, as weeds grow sparsely on the arid soil. His cheeks were so hollow that the bones above stuck out like the knuckles on a man's clenched fist. The color of his skin had come, through time and sameness of treatment, to accord with the dull, coarse brown of his hair and his clothes. His eyes, lusterless, deep sunk in the sockets, stained at the margins with blood, weary, wild, gazed at the turrets of the hall. I have seen such a look upon the face of a starving dog.

The wind wailed in the branches, and the clouds massed in the west, but the man sat still upon the stile. But when those who were hurrying from the storm came by, he moved to let them pass; yet ever he dropped upon the stile that was furthest from the hall. Such as were women eyed him askance, and such as were men with wonder. But not a soul passed him a salutation. So the man remained, and the birds cried out for the storm. Then two maids returning to the hall came to the stile and tossed their heads, resenting that he should soil with his clothes the rail which their skirts must touch.

Yet the stile was his own. Nor the stile alone; but the grass at his feet, and the great house at the end of the pathway, and the broad acres that pressed it round. There was warmth and good cheer at the house. Still the man moved not. Had the journey been long, and did he linger to rest at the stile? Or did he wait there for some one who tarried?

Then there came the prattle of children's voices in the road. They bubbled merrily as their nurse pressed them on from the storm. And they passed the man by. Then their voices ceased, and their feet sped faster still, and many a frightened glance they cast behind them as they walked, and hurried again. So they beelied not the pond. But the man watched them wondering. And he saw a laborer approach along the pathway, returning from his work. The pipe he smoked glowed warmly, and the man shivered. But at the stile he spoke to the laborer; and his voice was hoarse, as one that is seldom used.

"What children are those?" he asked. The workman stopped abruptly and looked at the man in surprise. He wondered at the questioner, I doubt not, and, may be, he wondered at the question.

"Them?" he said, at last, in a strong, broad accent. "Them's the squire's bairns."

"But I thought that the squire was an old man?"

"Towd squire? Why, bless your life, 'e's been dead this ten year."

There was a pause. And then the man said:

"So these are the children of his eldest son?"

"No," said the workman. "It wianna be the eldest. 'E wanted 'is brother's gal, and 'cos 'e wanted a nowt to say to 'im 'e went away 'isn't. And 'e never come back no more. Aye, that was 20 year ago."

"And what became of him?"

"Aye, bless your life, 'ow should I know? 'E's dead, they say."

"And the brother married the lady?"

"Aye, that 'e did."

There was silence; for the man was gazing at the turrets. The laborer was about to move away. But the man stopped him with another question.

"And are they happy, those two?"

"Appy?" Again the workman seemed amazed at the question. "Why, it's beautiful to see 'em. Aye, often and often when they passes 't the road wi' the bairns, going to church mebbe, or mebbe not, the missis she says to me: 'Jim, it's a picture,' she says, and I says to 'er: 'It is,' says I. 'Appy?' And the workman smiled.

But the man at the stile was silent. From the heavens there shot a jagged streak of light. For a moment it lit up the faces of the two men; then the darkness had fallen like a pall. And the workman laid his hand upon the shoulder of the traveler.

"Look 'ere, stranger," he said. "I don't know 'oo you be, or where yer come from, or what yer doing 'ere; but you seem a civil sort, and I'll tell you this: We're going to 'ave such a night as not many 't these parts 'I remember the likes on, and if ye've got a place to go to, don't wait no longer, but make tracks; and if you 'aven't, why come yer ways along o' me."

The stranger seemed moved; but he replied: "I thank you. You are very kind. I have shelter from the storm." As he spoke his eyes were trained across the stile. So the laborer passed on his way. And the storm gathered. Thunderous clouds loomed densely overhead. The air was thick, and pressed upon the brow. A great bird rose from the rushes at the pond's verge and shrieked to a surer refuge. The wind dropped.

But the man lingered. And over in the meadow, on the pathway, there appeared a light. It drew nearer, and swung gently to and fro. The traveler saw it was carried in the hand of a man walking. He was clad in a coat that was lined with fur, and his face was soft and white. At the stile he saw the man. He frowned and would have passed. But the stranger stopped him.

"Mr. Dalrymple," he said.

The other raised his lantern till it shone in the face of the man. He shuddered slightly, and again would have passed on his way. But the traveler stood before him, so that the path was closed.

"Mr. Dalrymple," he repeated.

"By what right do you bar my way?" The tones were quiet but imperative, as of a man accustomed to receive deference. "And why do you call me by name?"

"I have news of your brother," said the man.

"He is alive?" The words were said gladly, but there was a gulp at his throat when he spoke. The man saw the gulp.

"He will never return," he replied.

"By what means," said the squire, "can I tell that you speak with authority?"

The man put his hand beneath his rags and drew forth the faded photograph of a woman. On the back there was a name written. He passed it to the squire.

The squire looked at it. And he turned it over and read what was written on the back. Then he raised his hand and uncovered his head. And he said to the man: "May I keep this memento?" And the man nodded.

"What you tell me," he said, quietly, "is only that which, necessarily, I have always understood. Nevertheless, this confirmation grieves me deeply." There was real sorrow in his voice. And that, too, the man noticed. "Did my brother leave no message?"

"He spoke much of a woman," said the man.

"Can you tell me her name?"

"It is Marianne."

The squire was silent. Then, softly: "Poor fellow!" and again: "Poor fellow!" to himself. "It is my wife of whom he spoke," he said to the man.

"I trust she is well," said the man.

"She is very well. I left her but now with the children."

There was the sound of a rumble of wheels on the road, and two lights shone out through the darkness. The lights brightened; the sound cleared; a brougham and pair drew up at the turning.

"My carriage meets me here," said the squire, "and I am somewhat pressed for time. But you have laid me under a deep obligation. Is there no way in which I can serve you?"

"There is one," said the man. "I should like to shake you by the hand!"

The squire hesitated. It was only momentary. But a flash rose to the hollow cheek of the stranger. "It is my hands," he said. "I will wash them in the pond."

But the squire had drawn off his seal-skin glove, and he held out his soft, white palm. The other clutched it in his bony hand, and for a moment the eyes of the two men met in the light of the lamp. The squire started, and released his grasp. There was a look in his face that held something of fear. When he entered his brougham the look remained still on his face.

And the man sat again on the stile. In the darkness the lights from the hall shone brightly, and he gazed at the lights. Then he turned his eyes to the trees that were dim round the pond, and again from the pond to the lights. Was there happiness at the lights? Was there peace in the pond? So the man crossed the stile. In the hush before the storm there was a great cry. It was a cry of despair; yet a cry of hope, of joy.

The squire heard it, and stopped his brougham. The laborer heard it as he entered his cottage, and lingered at the door till his wife called out for the draught. The children at the hall heard it as they sat at tea, and dropped their spoons askance, listening to hear it again. But the trees at the pond bent closely; the circles melted away. And the storm burst.—Black and White.

## A NECK-OR-NOTHING RACE.

Thrilling Experience of an American Girl Among Brigands.

Modern Chivalry in the Wild Southern Continent—A Frenchman's Inmate Heroin Wins Him Freedom and a Wealthy American Bride.

[Special Correspondence.]

However true it may be that the steam engine and electric telegraph have put out the camp-fires of adventure and rounded the knell of romance, there are nevertheless odd corners of the world still remaining in which may be seen the glow of the one and are sometimes enacted the thrilling incidents of the other. And nowhere is this more the case than in the interior regions of that vast continent that stretches away southward from trop-



LAFAGUE STARTING ON HIS MISSION.

ical Darien to the icy regions of the Antarctic sea. These are indeed still lands of wild adventure, altho' echoes seldom reach to ears that are deafened by the din and turmoil of modern civilization.

My own life, connected as it has been with the carrying of civilization into the penetralia of those distant countries, has not been devoid of those experiences on the plane of fact that time and again discount the conceptions of the fictionists, the only difference being that the element of "romance," as we know it in fiction, is almost invariably conspicuous by its absence. Of adventures, thrilling enough in their way, my life has been as full perhaps as that of any man living; but on one solitary occasion only did the element of real romance, naturally worked out to its denouement, add its interest to the bald outward facts.

The story, both as a narrative of wild life in South America and as an illustration of romance in real life, is well worth the telling. For obvious reasons, however, fictitious names of persons and places are substituted for the real ones, the facts not being personal to myself, but relating to parties who are still living.

To begin at the beginning, the story I am about to relate commences with the arrival of Miss Eva Cunningham at the Playa del Oro mine, in Peru, which was chiefly owned by her father, Frank Cunningham, and, as may well be supposed, the apparition of a hearty and vital beautiful young American girl at that out-of-the-world spot created quite a commotion among the engineers and other white employees at the "dig-

gings." The time was not well chosen for a young girl to travel through the interior of the republic, for the war with Chili had not long been over, and the country was overrun with bands of brigands hailing from the disbanded national army. However, the party arrived safely, and we gave them a hearty reception, little dreaming of the tragedy that was impending. So far the brigands had not molested any of the mining settlements, confining their attention to travelers. Even Castro, an old professional brigand, who had lately raised a gang and was then terrorizing the country, had not attempted anything of the sort.

The discovery came upon us like a bolt from the blue, therefore, when, on

the following morning, it was found that during the night the house occupied by Mr. and Miss Cunningham, and which stood at some distance from the "quarters," had been quietly raided and a bloody tragedy enacted. Mr. Cunningham and his man-servant lay dead, hacked to pieces with machetes, and Miss Cunningham's maid was found gagged and bound. The young lady herself had disappeared. The maid's story was short and tragic. Several men, brigands, had broke into the house in the dead of night and attempted to bind her master, but both he and his man resisted so stoutly that at last they were cut down where they stood and the cords intended for the father were bound about the daughter and her maid. The young lady was then taken away, and a message left with the maid to the effect that Castro had done the deed, and if a heavy ransom was demanded in due course was not paid the young lady would be killed. The intention was to kidnap the father, but he

having met his death, the daughter was taken instead.

We were all pretty well paralyzed by the horror of the incident, and quite bewildered as to what steps should be taken. To follow the bandits was impracticable, for they were well equipped, while, although we had mules enough, there was but one horse on the place. To sit down and wait until the demand for the ransom came appeared to our excited minds both cruel to the captive girl and cowardly. But what could we do? The question was solved by Gaston Lafague, a young French civil engineer, who volunteered to ride to the nearest town and get a detachment of soldiers to go after the bandits. He galloped off, leaving us all too excited to turn to work, and wondering how we would get through the weary hours that must elapse ere he could return with the soldiers.

But the time came and brought neither soldiers nor Lafague. The next day after the tragedy had dawned, and many of us were preparing to saddle up the mules and ride over to the town after news of the Frenchman when that individual appeared, on foot and accompanied by Miss Cunningham dressed in the native Peruvian costume. They were both so fatigued that they could scarcely stand, especially Miss Cunningham, and it was fortunate indeed that they had no farther to travel. Of course, there had been a rescue, and as it turned out a most gallant one; but Lafague was very modest on the subject and it was some time before the rest of us learnt what had happened during the interval of our waiting and anxiety.

Lafague never reached the town. Whilst still some miles from it the road traversed a deep forest in the middle of which he rode right into the camp of the bandits, who had halted there for dinner. Of course he was made a prisoner, and that incident turned the whole tide of the affair. There were in fact but four of the band with Castro, and it was now decided that the latter, accompanied by two men, should at once go forward to their mountain haunt whilst the other two remained in the forest until Lafague could return to the mine and secure the required ransom. Of course they held all the trump cards, as any attempt to outfit them would be visited on the unfortunate prisoners. So they thought, but they did not count on the young Frenchman's wit and pluck.

Crying out in French to Miss Cunningham to be of good cheer and ready for a surprise, Lafague started on his mission. So soon as he got out of sight, however, he made a detour through the

forest and came out on the mountain road a couple of miles above the jungle. There he awaited Castro, determined on making a sudden coup. He had not long to wait. As the three desperadoes rode past, Castro ahead with Miss Cunningham before him on the saddle, Lafague's Winchester flashed twice and the two hindmen reeled to the ground. Then began an exciting chase. The Frenchman had calculated on shooting down the three bandits and rescuing the girl without more trouble, but her position prevented his risking a shot at Castro. The latter, finding that he had fallen into an ambush, started off at a gallop; and away went Lafague pelting after.

Unable to release his hold on the girl, Castro could not use his rifle, and so mile after mile the splendid mountain ponies dashed on, Lafague slowly gaining ground. At length came the critical moment, when sword, layonet and machete flashed above the heads of pursuer and pursued, making the lightning to the storm-cloud impact of the rushing steeds. But the deadly weapons only clashed together to be violently hurled asunder as riders and horses went crashing to the ground. For through Lafague's want of skill and Castro's left hand engaged both with supporting the girl and handling the reins, the animals crushed together in full career and fell headlong with their own impetus. Miss Cunningham was hurled to some distance, but was uninjured. Both horses rolled completely over the bandit chief, crushing the life out of him, whilst Lafague, falling on top, escaped with a severe shaking.

Fortunately for our friends there was a native "jacal" perched on the hillside not far off, and there they were hospitably entertained for the night, and poor Miss Cunningham, who had been abducted as the stool, in her night garments and slippers, was provided with a more becoming outfit of clothing.

The romantic, if without tragic, adventure had a fitting sequel, for M. Lafague won the heart and hand of the bereaved, but far from destitute orphan.

T. P. PORTER.

In Memoriam.

Final to a Criminal Lawyer's Plea.—And I beg you to bear in mind, gentlemen of the jury, that the defendant was fairly urged to take possession of the spoons, since they bore this inscription: "Remember me."—Fleegende Blaetter.

From Headquarters.

Ricardo—I hear you are going to move, Mr. Ringway?

Ringway—More! I should like to know where you heard that?

Your landlord told me.—Tit-Bits.

Confused.

The boy looked a good deal puzzled, and was silent for such a long time as to attract his mother's attention.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired.

"I want to ask a question, only I can't get it so that it won't sound mixed up."

"What is it?"

"Why, when an elephant shakes his trunk is he wagging his tail?"—Washington Star.

Natural Results.

The laundryman with a few concluding gestures hung the shirt up on the line.

"Well, how do you feel?" sighed the buttonholes to the bosom.

"I feel completely done up," answered the bosom, with a heave; "how is it with you?"

The buttonholes groaned.

"Oh, we're all torn out," they replied, in a faint voice.—N. Y. Recorder.

WANTED HIS COMMISSION.

Physician—Why, that's not much. It's less than most of my patients pay.

Patient—That may be, doctor, but remember it was I who brought the fever into the neighborhood.—N. Y. World.

A Gospel's Inference.

"I had always understood that the late Mr. Wellington was a man of considerable property."

"Wasn't he?"

"He couldn't have been. I haven't heard of any steps to contest his will."—Washington Star.

Kind Neighbor (accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—He's a good dog; he never hurts anyone. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little Girl (still shrinking back)—Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.—Tit-Bits.

What We May Expect During the Campaign.

HOW THE BICYCLE WILL FIGURE IN THE NIGHT CAMPAIGN PARADES THIS SUMMER AND FALL.

Why She Solts Him.

Jirjee—Clubbleigh says he has a wife that just suits him.

Gryce—Why, I thought she was a villain, and raised a row with him every day.

Jirjee—That's just it. She drives him to drink.—Town Topics.

First in Peace.

"Did you find the bicycle useful on the battlefield?"

"Yes, indeed; we dashed up to the enemy, and then we stacked arms and shook hands—every man on both sides rode the same make of wheel."—Chicago Record.

Covering It Up.

"You had boy, you have made a grease spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Charlie to her son Johnnie.

"Never mind, ma; you can sit on it when there is company in the parlor."—Texas Sifter.

Method in His Madness.

Yeast—I don't see the use of kissing. There's that man Gushington forever kissing his wife.

Crimsonbeak—It keeps her from talking, don't you see?—Yonkers Statesman.

Dear Creature.

Elder Lady—At the present day a woman is considered most interesting when she has reached 80.

Young Dittie—Really, dear? I did not think you were quite so old as that.

—Fus.

Essentially a Modern Question.

The old man shaded his eyes and looked after the fleeing bicyclist disappearing up the road.

"I wonder," he ruminated, "whether that's my boy or my girl."—Chicago Post.

How to Shop.

Fair Shopper (in great store)—There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up.

Clerk—Don't wrap it up?

"No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change."—N. Y. Weekly.

Commercial Item.

Smith—Dusenbury has left for Europe.

Jones—What Dusenbury are you talking about?

"Why, Dusenbury who failed last month."

"Whose books showed a deficit of \$50,000?"

"The same."

"What is he going to live on while he is in Europe?"

"On the deficit, of course."—Texas Sifter.

The Wise Editor.

"I don't understand the popularity of your woman's column," said the news agent to the great editor. "It beats anything I ever heard of in that line."

"It's easily explained," replied the editor. "I just scatter bargain sale advertisements through the column, and the women have to read one to find the other."—Chicago Post.

In Arkansas.

Slick-Head Sal—Quick! quick! hurry up, young feller! I want a 'surance policy on my husband for a \$100,000.

Bland Insurance Agent—But, my good woman, why all this hurry? Won't you-morrow—

Slick-Head Sal—Ter-morrer be blowed! he's just stole a boss.—Truth.

Man's Thoughtlessness.

Mr. Wedgewood (looking up from his paper)—I see that it is a custom for the Chinaman, when he wants to take an oath, to break a plate or something.

Mrs. Wedgewood (reproachfully)—And you wanted me to hire a Chinese cook. Supposing he had been addicted to bad language?—N. Y. World.

In the Grammar School.

"What do they call the microbes that breed diseases, John?"

"Please, sir, germs."

"Correct—and what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific way?"

"Please sir, Germans."—Brooklyn Life.

Afraid of the Other End.

Kind Neighbor (accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—He's a good dog; he never hurts anyone. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little Girl (still shrinking back)—Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.—Tit-Bits.

Money on Fire.

Tommy—Say, grandpa, what are you going to do with all your money when you die?

Grandpa Skinnerly—I guess I'll take it with me.

Tommy—Oh, grandpa; don't—it'll burn.—N. Y. World.

Over the Handle Bar.

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed. Over the handle bar; That sunny smile was the maiden's hat. Over the handle bar; She carried hard on a cobblestone. Her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone. Over the handle bar.

—Cleveland Post.

THE REASON.

"There's one thing," he said, jeeringly, "men never get together and talk about one another the way women do."

"No," she answered, "I don't think they do. There is nothing interesting to say about them."—Washington Post.

Might Make It Worse.

"But why do you not print a card and deny the accusation?" inquired the politician's wife.

"Jenny lit!" howled the politician, "and then have them prove it? No, I will treat it with contempt."—Truth.

Why His Arder Coated.

She—You promised to love me always. He—But I never knew that you looked like that in the morning with your hair in curl papers!—Yonkers Statesman.

THE MOUNTAIN JACAL.

forest and came out on the mountain road a couple of miles above the jungle. There he awaited Castro, determined on making a sudden coup. He had not long to wait. As the three desperadoes rode past, Castro ahead with Miss Cunningham before him on the saddle, Lafague's Winchester flashed twice and the two hindmen reeled to the ground. Then began an exciting chase. The Frenchman had calculated on shooting down the three bandits and rescuing the girl without more trouble, but her position prevented his risking a shot at Castro. The latter, finding that he had fallen into an ambush, started off at a gallop; and away went Lafague pelting after.

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## THE NEW NORTH.

BISHOP & OGDEN, Publishers.

### Assembly District Convention.

Notice is hereby given that a Republican convention will be held in the city of Rhinelander, at the Court House on Wednesday, August 12, 1896, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for the Assembly to represent the district comprising the counties of Oneida, Hamilton, Madison, and Fulton. In such convention they will be entitled to one delegate for each one hundred and fifty Republican votes cast at the last general election, as follows: Vilas, 2; Price, 2; Oconto, 1; By Order of Assembly District Committee, W. E. Brown, Chairman.

### Republican Senatorial Convention.

Notice is hereby given that a convention of the Republican electors of the counties comprising the 30th Senatorial district, will be held in the Court House in the city of Rhinelander, on Wednesday, August 12, 1896, at eight o'clock in the evening. The purpose of the convention is to nominate a candidate for the State Senate to represent said district, and to transact such other business as may properly be brought before it. Each county in the district will be entitled to one delegate for each 200 Republican votes cast at the last general election as follows: Oconto, 2; Vilas, 2; Price, 2; Taylor, 2; Lincoln, 2. By Order of Committee, G. W. Brown, Chairman.

### Republican County Convention.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a convention of the Republican electors of Oneida county at the Court House in the city of Rhinelander, on Wednesday, August 12, 1896, at 8 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of choosing three delegates to the Republican state convention, to be held in Milwaukee, August 22, and eight delegates to the Assembly District convention to be held at Rhinelander, August 12; six delegates to the Senatorial District convention to be held at Rhinelander, August 12; and four delegates to the County Convention to be held at Rhinelander, August 12. The various wards and towns of the county will be entitled to one delegate for each fifty votes cast for the Republican ticket at the last general election, as follows: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th wards of the city of Rhinelander, 2 delegates each; Town of Hazelhurst, 1 delegate; Town of Hudson, 2 delegates; Town of Woodbury, 1 delegate. Candidates to elect delegates to the county convention must be filed not later than Wednesday, July 15. By Order County Committee, G. W. Brown, Chairman.

The present silver agitation is the old greenback craze in new garb. Wherever greenbackism flourished, there you will find a strong sentiment for free silver now.

August 12, will be an important day here. The next state senator and member of assembly, E. H. Winchester and Gid Clark will be put in the field by Republican conventions.

Some of our Populist friends do not like the report of the convention in last week's New North. The report contained nothing but the exact facts as they occurred and was simply the news of the convention's doings.

The Green Bay Gazette doesn't mince matters any in speaking of the candidacy of LaFollette for Governor. It says that he and Hoard have determined to rule or ruin and that his candidacy is more to get even with Sawyer than anything else.

The congressional convention to nominate Congressman Stewart's successor will be held at Oconto August 4th. There is no opposition to Mr. Stewart and he will be named by acclamation. He has served the district well and is entitled to another term.

Let's see, was it the democratic leaders who told us a short time ago that the hills of all were due to the tariff and that one good crack at it by their party would restore plenty in place of want? It seems as though it was, but they don't say anything about it now.

There are more papers supporting Scofield for Governor than are in favor of all the other candidates. His support comes from all sections of the state, and in the northern section the sentiment seems to be practically unanimous. He has the advantage of wide acquaintance and is everywhere recognized as thoroughly deserving and one who would make a creditable and acceptable executive.

Ed. Dockery, of Ashland, is likely to make the run for congress in this district against Congressman Stewart. Ed. is bright and companionable and we regret very much to see him get into any such entanglement as he now contemplates. We are afraid that trying to get to congress on a free trade-free silver platform by the votes of the ninth district people will tend to irritate him and that he will be a far less pleasing companion about the time returns begin coming in. But we suppose he can stand defeat. He is ambitious and has very wealthy relatives.

The Appleton Post is making war on Attorney General Myrae because he did his plain duty in the treasury cases. The Post is both unjust and unreasonable. The Attorney General had but one course to pursue. It was his duty as an official to satisfy himself of the legality of the legislature's action and to then proceed regardless of his own personal political opinions or ideas. If he had given the case no consideration but had promptly completed the release, probably the Post would have made less fuss. But because he took time to properly fur-

tify any decision he might reach with regard to the matter and did render an opinion, the legality of which has never been questioned, is not his action proved unassailable? We do not imagine for a moment that the Post's efforts to defeat him for re-nomination will avail, but we think if the Post is after the political scalp of every republican who aided in the release of those ex-treasurers, it should proceed against the legislative members who voted for it and are now seeking re-nomination. That would be better than to attack one whose action in the matter was wholly justified by duty and law.

### The Governorship.

The announcement that Governor Upham will not be a candidate for re-nomination has brought into the field a number of aspirants who will make a lively scramble for the honor. So far Major Edward Scofield, of Oconto; Eugene S. Elliott and C. E. Estabrook, of Milwaukee; R. M. LaFollette, of Madison; James Monahan, of Darlington; Duncan McGregor, of Plattville; Ira Bradford, of Augusta; and a few others have announced themselves. The contest is likely to prove a warm but good natured one, and no doubt there will be more favorite sons brought out. From present appearances it looks very much as though the final struggle would be between Scofield and LaFollette. It is said that there is likely to be a narrowing down of the contest between these two long before convention time. Gov. Hoard will support LaFollette and he is also on record in an interview as strongly against Major Scofield. The latter will be strongly supported in this section of the state as it is his home and the people know him to be a man eminently well equipped for the position, and free from the entertainments of factionalism that is bound to have its influence on the chances of some of the others. Two years ago he came near receiving the nomination, and after Governor Upham was elected he conducted himself with a decency and dignity becoming a defeated candidate, and by so doing made many friends in all parts of the state. He appears to be in the lead easily in this contest and if the newspapers correctly represent the sentiments of their localities, as they no doubt do, he will be the party's standard bearer.

### The "Crime of '73."

"The crime of 1873," was the coinage act passed that year which made no provision for the coinage of silver dollars. In spite of the harsh language now used by our silver friends, it is hard to see that any wrong to anyone was intended or accomplished by the passage of that bill. In 1873 neither gold nor silver circulated as currency. Both were at a premium as compared with paper currency, and the latter alone furnished the circulating medium of the country. Moreover up to that year only 8,000,000 silver dollars had been coined in all, and probably the majority of the people of the country had never seen an American silver dollar. More than that, since 1821 gold had been the sole legal tender coin of the country. All these things considered, it is difficult to see how the price of silver generally could be materially reduced, as is claimed, merely by the passage of a bill which dropped it from the list of coins in America. The charge that this dropping of the silver dollars from the list was done slyly and surreptitiously has been abundantly disproved; the bill was three years under consideration, was printed thirteen times, the debates upon its various features occupy 140 pages in the Record, and it was substantially the same at its passage as when it was introduced, the only material change being the addition of a provision to coin trade dollars for the Asiatic trade. The dropping of the silver dollar was just as much in the first draft as in the last. In 1873 the coinage of the silver dollar was again legalized and it was endowed with full tender power, the same as gold, and this law is in effect today. Over \$400,000,000 in silver has been coined since that date, and from 1890 to 1893 the government bought and coined under law, \$1,000,000 of silver a month. Still, in spite of this most favorable treatment in all its history, the price of silver steadily went down. And now the free coinage advocates argue that if the mints were thrown open and all the silver that might be brought there was coined into dollars at the old ratio of 16 to 1—though the present ratio of value of an ounce of gold and an ounce of silver is 32 to 1—the price of silver the world over would

at once rise till it reached its former valuation of 16 to 1. They claim that it is necessary to accept foreign as well as American silver for free coinage else there would be a disparity in the price between the two, and American silver would share in the dishonor. This may seem to be sentimental, but it is on a par with the whole line of argument pursued by the free coinage advocates. Although sixty times as many legal tender silver dollars have been coined since 1873 as in the eighty-six years of the government's existence before that date, yet the price of silver has steadily gone down hill, and, as the free coin people say, solely and entirely because the coinage is not absolutely free and unlimited. Is this mere theory on their part, this supposition, sufficient to warrant the country in undertaking the startling experiment of mining all the silver which can be freighted to our mints and of putting a stamp on it which says that every dollar is as good as a gold dollar though the material in it is worth only half as much in the market? We think not. The experience of the world is against it and it is not the common sense also?

You can buy a Sewing Machine at Gray's at about one half what you pay elsewhere.

Look over the Trojan waist at Gray's before buying. They are just as cheap as poorer made waists.

Full Standard Dress prints at 25 cents and L. L. cottons at 25 cents at Gray's. Why pay more at other places.

A first-class company—Sutherland Theatre Co.—Grand Opera House all next week. Prices 10 and 20 cents.

Those desirous of purchasing patent stoppered bottles for Root Beer can obtain the same at reasonable prices by applying to Arthur Taylor at Rhinelander Bottling Works.

Any lady or gentleman intending to purchase a bicycle cheap will find it to their interest to call and inspect my wheels now on exhibition at the Second Hand Store. I have as good a line of wheels as there is made and my prices are right. I. E. Mack.

Sound Like Miracles! We will send free on application a large sheet of unsolicited testimonials about the cures made by Humphreys' Specifics. Address Humphreys' Medicine Co., New York.

Taken up Notice. Came into my inclosure on June 17, 1896, in the Town of Pelican, five miles from Rhinelander, on the Hazelhurst road, one black stud horse three years old. The owner is requested to call and pay charges and take same away. C. W. Lewis.

A Social Responsibility Rests upon every head of a family to direct every member going to or coming from the East to take the "Soo Line" that runs through the country where civilization first gained a foothold upon the American continent and where liberty was cradled. Call on nearest "Soo" Line agent for "Summer Outings" or write W. R. Callaway, Minneapolis.

William McKinley. Agents wanted to sell the Life and Speeches of McKinley, with Proceedings of the National Convention, Platform of Party and other valuable information. 220 pages, with 20 full page illustrations. Price, cloth, \$1.00; half morocco, \$1.20. Sixty per cent. discount to agents. Send 20 cents for prospectus and full particulars, and go to work at once. You can sell 200 copies in your own town. Address J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 Rose Street, New York.

Teachers' Excursion to Buffalo. On account of the annual convention of the National Educational Association, the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Buffalo at rate of \$14.00 for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 5 and 6, and will be valid for return journey until September 1, if deposited with the joint agent of the railroad lines at Buffalo on or before July 10. The B. & O. route is via rail to Cleveland, and thence via the palatial steamers of the Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co. Ask your agent for tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

Reduced Rates to Washington. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their Annual Meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets from all points on its lines, west of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 4 to 7, inclusive, valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 31 by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Washington. Tickets on sale at stations of all connecting lines. Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington. m21-jul-8

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

of Rhinelander.

Capital and Surplus \$80,000. Interest Paid on Time Deposits Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Sts.

## MERCHANTS STATE BANK.

Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$30,000. Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Brown Street Rhinelander, Wis.

## PHYSICIANS.

T. B. McINDOE, Physician & Surgeon, Office Corner Brown and Davenport Streets.

## S. R. STONE,

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Special attention given to Chronic Troubles. Telephone 12, 1st floor, 2nd story. MERCHANTS STATE BANK BUILDING. RHINELANDER.

## F. L. HINMAN,

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**LADY DAY OF MARCH.**

IMPORTANT IN BOTH SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS CALENDARS.

Why the 25th of March is Venerated in England—What Happens if it Falls on Easter—Secularly Considered It is the Beginning of One of the Year's Quarters.

The 25th of March is an important date both in the secular and religious calendars. It is the first quarter day in the year and as such comes home to most of us who have before our eyes the fear of payment of rent or the rattle pleasure of receiving it. The pay days in England have been arbitrarily fixed on Lady day, Midsummer day, Michaelmas day and Christmas day. Why? Nobody has been able to explain, unless it be that, arriving as they do, near the end of each quarter, such important days are better as reminders of our duty to our landlord than any ordinary 30th or 31st of the month would be likely to be.

But it is, of course, as one of the great festivals dedicated to the Virgin (as its name, Lady day, or the old term, Our Lady's day, implies) that it has most importance, being the anniversary of the day when the angel Gabriel announced to the Virgin the mystery of the incarnation. Four other dates in the calendar share the honor of this title—namely, Feb. 2, or the Purification; July 2, or the Visitation, to commemorate the visit paid by the Virgin Mary to her cousin Elizabeth (instituted by Pope Urban VI in 1383); Sept. 8, or the Nativity, and Dec. 8, or the Conception.

But the 25th of March, or the Annunciation, is most regarded, as it is the anniversary, according to St. Augustine, of the great event to which it owes its origin, and the institution of this festival dates from very early times, since St. Athanasius makes mention of it in one of his sermons. An order of the Patriarch Nicephorus having given permission to break the fast of Lent if the Annunciation happened to fall on the Thursday or Friday of Holy week, a council convened at Toledo in 636 to preserve the complete observance of Lent and ordered the transference of the holiday to the week preceding Christmas. Some of the eastern churches still follow this decree, but the Syrians have fixed it on Dec. 1 and the Armenians on the 5th of January, while in the Latin church it has resumed its old place in the ecclesiastical calendar. In the western church, if it should fall in the Easter fortnight, its celebration is postponed until the second Monday following the festival.

Lady day of March has always been very highly observed in England. The synod of Worcester, 1240 A. D., by one of its canons forbade all servile work upon it, and this was afterward confirmed by various provincial and diocesan councils in all respects except agricultural labor.

In Rome, in the early part of the century, the day used to be celebrated with great pomp and splendor. We read that the windows were hung with crimson and yellow silk draperies and occupied by females in most gorgeous attire, while the churches were patrolled by the pope's horse guards in their splendid full dress uniforms, all of whom wore in their caps a sprig of myrtle as a sign of rejoicing. Before the service a procession appeared, preceded by another detachment of the guards mounted on black chargers, who rode forward to clear the way to the sound of trumpet and the beating of drums. This martial array was followed by a bareheaded priest on a white mule, bearing the host in a gold cup, at the sight of which everybody prostrated himself. The pope used formerly to ride on the white mule himself, and all the cardinals used to follow him in their magnificent robes of state, but as the eminentissimi were for the most part not very eminent horsemen they were generally fastened on lest they should tumble off.

It is not to be supposed that in this country the day would be without its tradition or superstition, so we find that it was considered a public misfortune if Lady day fell on Easter day, and the medieval couplet runs:

When our Lady falls in our Lord's lap,  
Then England beware of great mishap.

No less than 13 saints figure in the calendar on this day. Of these were ladies—St. Dula and St. Ida; one Irishman, St. Cammin, abbot of Inisheltra, and two Englishmen, St. Alfwolf, bishop of Sherborne, and St. William, the child martyr, of Norwich. In The Calendar of the Anglican Church we find a statement showing how great in ancient times was the ven-

eration for the Virgin in this country. Published in 1831, the book states that no fewer than 2,120 churches were named in her honor alone, besides 102 where she was associated with some other saint. On the authority of the same work, pictorially the Virgin is nearly always shown kneeling or seated at a table reading.

Of the great masters of all countries and ages whose genius has been lavished on this theme it will be sufficient to mention the brothers Van Eyck, Lochner of Cologne, Albert Durer, Andrea del Sarto, Vasari, Louis and Annibal Carracci, Guido, Charles de la Fosse, Lesueur and Murillo.

In connection with the day it is permissible, perhaps, to conclude with a "chestnut" that owes its origin to the postoffice. It is said that a few years ago a country gentleman wrote a letter to a lady of rank in town and sent it through the post with the following address: "To the 25th of March, Duke street, London." The postman is said to have delivered it at the house of Lady Day, for whom it was intended.—Fall Mall Gazette.

The Noley New Boarder.

Here is some Treadwell fun: "What was that awful noise in the room next to mine last night?" "Oh, that was only the new boarder falling asleep."

Women of the House.

Bobby—Popper, what does the paper mean by the women of the hour? Mr. Ferry—I guess it means that woman who says she will be ready to start in 15 minutes. An hour is about as near as she comes to it usually.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Woman's Club Story.

A rather good story is going the rounds, according to the Boston Transcript, in a certain club within ten miles of the Hub. It is to the effect that a well known learned professor was written to by the president and asked if he would lecture before her club on a certain date, the price not being named, whereupon he replied, not without good reason, it is to be feared, that he was sick and tired of being asked to lecture before women's clubs for \$10 per afternoon, and that if she could manage to pay him \$25 he would try to go to her club as desired. Now it happens that this is a very large club, with a high fee, and there is considerable money in the treasury. Consequently this president, with a wicked gleam in her handsome eyes, sat down and wrote the learned professor that, as they had not yet paid a lecturer any less than \$50 a lecture, they considered themselves especially fortunate in being able to secure his services for \$25 and would consider him engaged for the specified date. And then he wished he hadn't!

The Throat and Shoulders.

Fashion is in extremes as regards throat and shoulder decorations. For evening wear the modest collar is often of very pronounced type and elegantly elaborated with mock jewels and sequins, rich lace, points and hand wrought embroideries. Capes, berthes and fichus are all made with an excessive amount of trimming around the neck and shoulders, and huge lace and chiffon boas supply in many cases the something and nothing that is needed to distinguish outdoor from indoor dress. The latest display of shoulder capes shows models challenging the powers of the best descriptive writers. Every possible elaboration is bestowed upon them, and frequently as many as six different materials and half as many colors go to the completion of a single small cape, the new models being very much abbreviated, very frilly from throat to lower edge and formed of velvet, lace, chiffon, silk passementerie, embroidered gauze, insertion and ribbon.—New York Post.

College Bred Waitresses.

The independence of the American college girl is a constant source of surprise to foreigners. The fact that a girl who is cultivating her mind is not above exercising her body in the performance of menial duties is something incomprehensible to the aristocrat on the other side. It is possible that these very aristocrats have been served to ham and eggs or some less vulgar food by some ambitious American girl who puts her pride in her pocket until she gets an education that she thinks is worth the proud of. Every summer the hotels along the St. Lawrence number several young women among their waitresses who are freshmen or sophomores in some neighboring college. The girls look upon the venture as a sort of cutting, and though the work is often very arduous and at times humiliating, most of them manage to get a pretty good time out of it and enough money to pay their expenses for the coming term.—Boston Journal.

The White Veiled Woman.

The white veiled woman will have to pay for her caprice this summer. It has been discovered that whereas it is possible to wear cheap colored veils with more or less impunity, the white veil needs to be good to be even tolerable. White of course is a generic term, the species including cream, ecru, butter color, and even a very light tan. The veils range in price from \$1 to \$15, which is freely asked for some special confection with hand wrought lace edges and figures. A curious effect of the milk white veil is that it heightens the fairness of a blond face and adds a becoming tinge of dusky to an olive complexion. It seems to have the curious quality of bringing out the typical characteristic of a good complexion. The woman who is sallow or whose skin has that lifeless tint possessed by some blonds whose beauty has passed need not hope for a magic effect from this veil.—New York Correspondent.

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# THE STORY TELLER

## THE TIME MIRANDA DIED.

That is just like Simon Foote. When the talk was going round. And we'd ask if he remembered some once famous happening, death or wedding, or some family feud's quick flaming into hate almost sublime; Then he'd drop his gray head lower, seem perhaps to see or hear. Something far before he'd answer: "I-it must have been—some time—the year— But he never quite remembered, tho' we had no doubt he tried. And we all knew he was thinking of the year Miranda died.

Twenty years since that December; and the after years, no doubt. Were a record lightly written, by one memory blotted out. Kindly eyes then close forever, love he saw no reason for. Left no place in recollection for the nation's shock since that December, when December came once more. He had traveled back in fancy to that happier time before. We who inspired by his bedside, bid our faces as we cried: Well we knew that was thinking 'twas the day Miranda died— Lewis W. Smith, in Collier's Weekly

## AN ARTIST IN CRIME.

Mr. Teddy Watkins' Account of the Hammerpond Park Burglary.

It is a moot point whether burglary is to be considered as a sport, a trade or an art. For a trade, the technique is so rigidly enough, and its claims to be considered an art are vitiated by the mercenary element that qualifies its triumphs. On the whole, it seems to be most justly ranked as a sport—a sport for which no rules are at present formulated, and of which the prizes are distributed in an extremely informal manner. It was this informality of burglary that led to the regrettable extinction of two promising beginners at Hammerpond park.

The stakes offered in this affair consisted chiefly of diamonds and other personal bric-a-brac belonging to the newly-married Lady Aveling. Her marriage to Lord Aveling was extensively advertised in the papers, the quantity and quality of her wedding presents and the fact that the honeymoon was to be spent at Hammerpond. The announcement of these valuable prizes created a considerable sensation in the small circle in which Mr. Teddy Watkins was the undisputed leader, and it was decided that, accompanied by a duly qualified assistant, he should visit the village of Hammerpond in his official capacity.

Being a man of naturally retiring and modest disposition, Mr. Watkins determined to make his visit inconspicuous, and after due consideration of the conditions of his enterprise he selected the role of a landscape artist and the unassuming surname of Smith. He preceded his assistant, who, it was decided, should join him only on the last afternoon of his stay at Hammerpond. Now, the village of Hammerpond is perhaps one of the prettiest little corners in Sussex; many thatched houses still survive, the flint-built church with its tall spire nestling under the down is one of the finest and best preserved in the county, and the beech woods and bracken jungles through which the road runs to the great house are singularly rich in what the vulgar artist and photographer call "bits." So that Mr. Watkins, on his arrival with two virgin canvases, a brand-new easel, a paint box, portmanteau, an ingenious little ladder made in sections, a crowbar and wire coils, found himself welcomed with effusion and some curiosity by half a dozen other brethren of the brush. It rendered the disguise he had chosen unexpectedly plausible, but it inflicted upon him a considerable amount of aesthetic conversation, for which he was very imperfectly prepared.

"Have you exhibited very much?" said young Porson in the bar-parlor of the "Coach and Horse," where Mr. Watkins was skillfully accumulating local information on the night of his arrival. "Very little," said Mr. Watkins; "just a sketch here and there."

"Academy?"

"In course. And at the Crystal Palace."

"Did they hang you well?" said Porson.

"Don't rot," said Mr. Watkins; "I don't like it."

"I mean did they put you in a good place?"

"Whadger meant?" said Mr. Watkins, suspiciously. "One 'ud think you were trying to make out I'd been put away."

Porson had been brought up by aunts, and was a gentlemanly young man even for an artist; he did not know what being "put away" meant, but he thought it best to explain that he intended nothing of the sort. As the question of hanging seemed a sore spot with Mr. Watkins, he tried to divert the conversation.

"Do you do figure work at all?"

"No, never had a head for figures," said Mr. Watkins; "my miss—Mrs. Smith, I mean, does all that."

"She paints, too?" said Porson.

"That's rather jolly."

"Very," said Mr. Watkins, though he really did not think so, and, feeling the conversation was drifting a little beyond his grasp, added: "I came down here to paint Hammerpond house by moonlight."

"Really?" said Porson. "That's rather a novel idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins. "I thought it rather a good notion when it occurred to me. I expect to begin to-morrow night."

"What! You don't mean to paint in the open by night?"

"I do, though."

"But how will you see your canvas?"

"Have a bloomin' cop's!" began Mr. Watkins, rising too quickly to the question, and then realizing this, bowed to

Miss Durgan for another glass of beer. "I'm going to have a thing called a dark lantern," he said to Porson.

"But it's about new moon now," objected Porson. "There won't be any moon."

"There'll be the house," said Watkins, "at any rate. I'm going, you see, to paint the house first and the moon afterwards."

"Oh!" said Porson, too staggered to continue the conversation.

"They doo say," said old Durgan, the landlord, who had maintained a respectful silence during the technical conversation, "as there's no less than three policemen from 'Azelworth on duty every night in the house—count of this Lady Aveling 'n' her Jewellery. One's won lower-and-six last night off second footman—tossin'."

Toward sunset next day Mr. Watkins, virgin canvas, easel and a very considerable case of other appliances in hand, strolled up the pleasant pathway through the beech woods to Hammerpond park and pitched his apparatus in a strategic position commanding the house. Here he was observed by Mr. Raphael Sant, who was returning across the park from a study of the chalk pits. His curiosity having been fired by Porson's account of the new arrival, he turned aside with the idea of discussing nocturnal art.

Mr. Watkins was apparently unaware of his approach. A friendly conversation with Lady Hammerpond's butler had just terminated, and that individual surrounded by the three pet dogs which it was his duty to take for an airing after dinner had been served, was receding in the distance. Mr. Watkins was mixing color with an air of great industry. Sant, approaching more nearly, was surprised to see the color in question was as harsh and brilliant as emerald green as it is possible to imagine. Having cultivated an extreme sensibility to color from his earliest years, he drew the air sharply between his teeth at the very first glimpse of this brew. Mr. Watkins turned round. He looked annoyed.

"What on earth are you going to do with that beastly green?" said Sant.

Mr. Watkins realized that his real to appear busy in the eyes of the butler had evidently betrayed him into some technical error. He looked at Sant and hesitated.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Sant; "but really, that green is altogether too amazing. It came as a shock. What do you mean to do with it?"

Mr. Watkins was collecting his resources. Nothing could save the situation but decision. "If you come here interrupting my work," he said, "I'm a-going to paint your face with it."

Sant retired, for he was a humorist and a peaceful man. Going down the hill he met Porson and Wainwright. "Either that man is a genius, or he is a dangerous lunatic," said he. "Just go up and look at his green." And he continued his way, his countenance brightened by a pleasant anticipation of a cheerful affray round an easel in the gloaming, and the shedding of much green paint.

But to Porson and Wainwright Mr. Watkins was less aggressive, and explained that the green was intended to be the first coating of his picture. It was, he admitted, in response to a remark, an absolutely new method, invented by himself. But subsequently he became more reticent; he explained he was not going to tell every passer-by the secret of his own particular style, and added some scathing remarks upon the meanness of people "hanging about" to pick up such tricks of the masters as they could, which immediately relieved him of their company.

Twilight deepened, first one, then another star appeared. The rooks made the tall trees to the left of the house had long since lapsed into slumbrous silence, the house itself lost all the details of its architecture and became a dark gray outline, and then the windows of the saloons shone out brilliantly, the conservatory was lighted up, and here and there a bedroom window burnt yellow. Had anyone approached the easel in the park, it would have been found deserted. One brief, unobtrusive word in brilliant green sufficed the purity of its canvas. Mr. Watkins was busy in the shrubbery with his assistant, who had discreetly joined him from the carriage drive.

Mr. Watkins was inclined to be self-congratulatory upon the ingenious device by which he had carried all his apparatus lightly, and in the night of all men, right up to the scene of operations. "That's the dressing-room," he said to his assistant, "and, as soon as the maid takes the candle away and goes down to supper, we'll call in. My! how nice the house do look, to be sure, against the starlight, and with all its windows and lights! Swoppe, Jim, I almost wish I was a painter chap. Have you fixed that wire across the path from the laundry?"

He cautiously approached the house until he stood below the dressing-room window, and began to put together his folding ladder. He was much too experienced a practitioner to feel any unusual excitement. Jim was reconnoitering the smoking-room. Suddenly, close beside Mr. Watkins in the bushes, there was a violent crash and a stifled curse. Some one had tumbled over the wire which his assistant had just arranged. He heard a cry running on the gravel pathway beyond. Mr. Watkins, like all true artists, was a singularly shy man, and he momentarily dropped his folding ladder and began running circumspectly through the shrubbery. He was indistinctly aware of two people hot upon his heels, and he fancied that he distinguished the outline of his assistant in front of him. In another moment he had vaulted the low stone wall bounding the shrubbery, and was in the open park. Two thirds on the turf followed his owlstep.

It was a close chase in the darkness through the trees. Mr. Watkins was a loosely-built man and in good training, and he gained hand over hand upon the hoarsely panting figures in front. Neither spoke, but, as Mr. Watkins

pulled up alongside, a quiver of awful doubt came over him. The other man turned his head at the same moment and gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's not Jim," thought Mr. Watkins, and simultaneously the stranger flung himself, as it were, at Watkins' knees, and they were forthwith grappling on the ground together. "Lend a hand, lill!" cried the stranger, as the third man came up. And lillidid—two hands, in fact, and some acrobatic feats. The fourth man, presumably Jim, had apparently turned aside and made off in a different direction. At any rate, he did not join the trio.

Mr. Watkins' memory of the incidents of the next two minutes is extremely vague. He has a dim recollection of having his thumb in the corner of the mouth of the first man, and feeling anxious about its safety, and for some seconds at least he held the head of the gentleman answering to the name of Bill to the ground by the hair. He was also kicked in a great number of different places, apparently by a vast multitude of people. Then the gentleman who was not lillidid got his knee below Mr. Watkins' diaphragm and tried to curl him up upon it.

When his sensations became less entangled, he was sitting upon the turf and eight or ten men—the night was dark and he was rather too confused to count—standing round him, apparently waiting for him to recover. He mournfully assumed that he was captured, and would probably have made some philosophical reflections on the fickleness of fortune, had not his internal sensations disinclined him for speech.

He noticed very quickly that his wrists were not handcuffed, and then a flask of brandy was put in his hands. This touched him a little—it was such unexpected kindness.

"He's a comin' round," said a voice, which he fancied he recognized as belonging to the Hammerpond second footman.

"We've got 'em, sir, both of 'em," said the Hammerpond butler, the man who had handed him the flask. "Thanks to you."

No one answered this remark, yet he failed to see how it applied to him.

"He's fair dazed," said a strange voice; "the villains half-murdered him."

Mr. Teddy Watkins decided to remain fair dazed until he had a better grasp of the situation. He perceived that two of the black figures round him stood side by side with a dejected air, and there was something in the carriage of their shoulders that suggested to his experienced eye hands that were bound together. Two! In a flash he rose to his position. He emptied the little flask and staggered—obscure lands assisting him—to his feet. There was a sympathetic murmur.

"Shake hands, sir, shake hands," said one of the figures near him. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am very greatly indebted to you. It was the jewels of my wife, Lady Aveling, which attracted these scoundrels to the house."

"Very glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," said Teddy Watkins.

"I presume you saw the rascals making for the shrubbery, and dropped down on them?"

"That's exactly how it happened," said Mr. Watkins.

"You should have waited till they got in at the window," said Lord Aveling; "they would get it hotter if they had actually committed the burglary. And it was lucky for you two of the policemen were out by the gates and followed up the three of you. I doubt if you could have secured the two of them—though it was confoundedly plucky of you, all the same."

"Yes, I ought to have thought of all that," said Mr. Watkins; "but one can't think of everything."

"Certainly not," said Lord Aveling. "I am afraid they have maulled you a little," he added. The party was now moving toward the house. "You walk rather lame. May I offer you my arm?"

And instead of entering Hammerpond house by the dressing-room window, Mr. Watkins entered it—slightly intoxicated and inclined now to cheerfulness again—on the arm of a real live peer, and by the front door.

"This," thought Mr. Watkins, "is lurching in style!" The "scoundrels," seen by the gaslight, proved to be mere local amateurs unknown to Mr. Watkins, and they were taken down into the pantry and there watched over by the three policemen, two gamekeepers with loaded guns, the butler and a hostler, until the dawn allowed of their removal to Haverhill police station.

Mr. Watkins was made much of in the drawing-room. They devoted a sofa to him, and would not bear of a return to the village that night. Lady Aveling was sure that he was brilliantly original, and said her idea of Turner was just such another rough, half-fabricated, deep-eyed, brave and clever man. Some one brought up a remarkable little folding-ladder that had been picked up in the shrubbery, and showed him how it was put together. They also described how wires had been found in the shrubbery, evidently placed there to trip up unwary pursuers. It was lucky he had escaped these snares. And they showed him the jewels.

Mr. Watkins had the sense not to talk too much, and in any conversational difficulty fell back on his internal pains. At last he was seized with stiffness in the back and yawning. Everyone suddenly awoke to the fact that it was a shame to keep him talking after his affray, so he retired early to his room—the little red room next to Lord Aveling's suite.

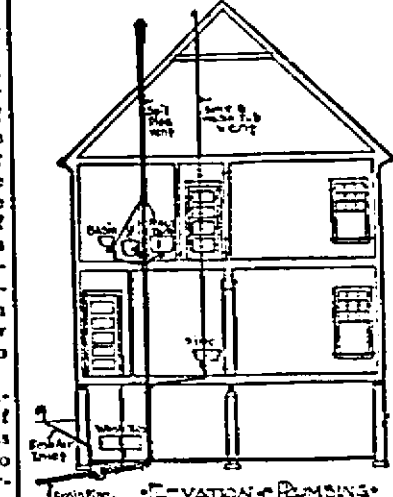
The dawn found a deserted easel, leaning a canvas with a green inscription, in the Hammerpond park, and it found Hammerpond house in commotion. But if the dawn found Mr. Teddy Watkins and the Aveling diamonds, it did not communicate the information to the police—H. G. Wells, in "The Stolen Bacillus."

## BUILDING AND SCIENCE.

### SANITARY PLUMBING.

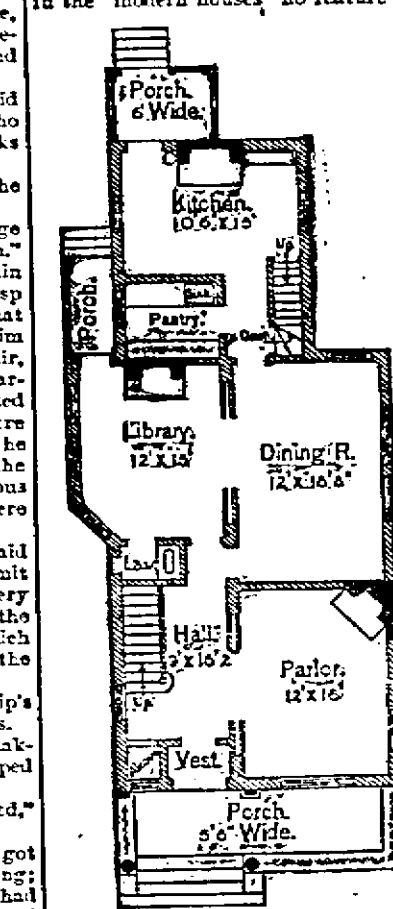
Most Important Thing to be Considered by House Builders. (Copyright, 1924.)

In the general regret of the passing of artisanship and fine handwork to make room for cheaper and more pretentious machine work, there is little of this feeling toward plumbing. It is true that the old journeymen were



ELEVATION OF REMOVING PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

splendid workmen and turned out jobs that are a pleasure to look at. But sanitary science was not understood until a few years ago, and not the most perfect workmanship can make up for a lack of traps that cannot be siphoned, or a lack of adequate ventilation. Within the limit of ten years past, plumbing has made wonderful strides in advance. In the "modern houses" no feature re-



FIRST FLOOR.

ceives more attention from architects and house builders than does the sanitary arrangement.

When a man makes up his mind to build almost his first temptation to cheapen his estimates comes when he gives out his plumbing contracts. It is one of the main items of expense, and he reasons that much of it will be out of sight and evidence, and he is strong-

ly tempted to put the money on aesthetic adornment rather than on a matter of pure utility. But if this reasoning prevails the builder will never cease to reproach himself. It is to be taken for granted that no one would so lower the plumbing estimates as to provide a menace to health. But if lightweight and cheap materials are used troubles are never ending—cheap closets, hoppers and faucets are a constant annoyance. Laymen do not seem to understand that lead pipe which is subject to constant changes of temperature will decay so that it may be broken almost like decayed leather. The thinner it is the quicker it goes out of all proportion.

Some Curiosities of Seeing. A correspondent of Nature inquires whether anybody has ever noticed that young children sometimes make drawings of objects upside down. He tells of two boys who, at an early stage in their artistic efforts, drew locomotives with the wheels up and the smokestack down, and one of these boys always preferred in looking at a picture to hold it upside down. The correspondent thinks this may have some relation to the fact that images on the retina of the eye are reversed. He also relates the experience of a lady in India who often noticed that natives, on taking up a photograph to look at it, replaced it upside down.

Patents in the United States. A patent granted in the United States for an invention which has been previously patented in a foreign country will be so limited in time as to expire with the foreign patent. Or, if there be more than one foreign patent, the right in the United States will expire with that foreign patent which has the shortest term. In no case, however, will a United States patent be continued in force for a greater period than 17 years.

Something New in Straws. Artificial straws made of paper are beginning to take the place of the natural product for absorbing summer drinks. The paper in this imitation straw is rolled into shape and then covered with paraffine. While these straws are about the same price as the real straws, they seldom contain leaks, and are therefore more satisfactory.

Probably. Yeast—I see there is another prize fight in the wind. Crismonbeak—Yes, I guess it will stay there.—Whim-Whams.

For this reason, to say nothing of bursting from sudden pressure, cheap lead pipe is the most expensive of all economies. The general adoption of iron instead of lead pipe is a most important improvement, only excelled by what it naturally led to—exposed plumbing.

On the ground of sanitary safety, cleanliness, attractiveness and economy, in the long run there is no comparison between exposed plumbing and the old system, where everything was boxed in with wainscoting. It is true that the first cost is rather more, but this should deter no one from adopting it. Closets, washstands and bath tubs that are boxed in form a lurking place for filth and vermin that defy the most thorough housekeeper. The inner surface of the wood, which is always damp and never exposed to fresh air, rots and decays slowly. Although no careful experiments have yet been made and no statistics have been compiled, medical observers have recently determined that decaying wood is a prolific source of disease. Where the plumbing is exposed there is absolutely no chance for lurking disease germs. The initial cost is a small price to pay for this immunity. Exposed plumbing calls for constant renewal, but that which is exposed has practically as long life as has the house that shelters it.

To secure immunity at all times from sewer gas, and to prevent any subsequent annoyances, have the system of fixtures, traps, supply and waste pipes well planned and arranged in accordance with the best rules. The constant grouping and concentrating of fixtures will materially reduce the cost of the work. Avoid a useless multiplication of plumbing fixtures, also locating fixtures in sleeping-rooms. Plumbing fixtures, especially water closets, must always be located in well-lighted and well-ventilated apartments. In small cottages plan the bathroom as nearly as possible over the kitchen, in order to reduce the amount of piping. Numerous and elaborate plumbing appliances are useless and expensive. The above design is an example of economical and concentrated sanitary plumbing.

The pipes are all exposed so as to be easily accessible in case of leakage. The wash bowls are porcelain with marble slabs, back and sides, and are in the lavatory and bathroom; galvanized iron sink and drainboard, set on iron legs are in the pantry, a copper boiler in the kitchen and two soapstone wash trays in the laundry in the cellar.

USE OF THE SENSES. Habit and Experience Play a Part in Seeing and Hearing.

If we ask ourselves just how it is that we see, hear and receive impressions from the senses we shall soon discover two things. The first is that the explanation "we see with our eyes," "we hear with our ears," etc., is not quite satisfactory. It is easy enough to explain how certain rays of light impinge on the retina of the eye, and certain waves of air on the drum of the ear; but how these purely physical things are converted into purely psychological things of sight and hearing no one can explain.

Our second discovery will be that it is not by the eye alone that we see, or by the ear alone that we hear. Memory, or, rather, experience or habit, plays a great part in all sensations, though we do not often notice it, unless our attention is drawn to the fact by some circumstance that puts experience at fault and thus produces a sense-illusion.

Have you ever noticed, for instance, how experience helps you to recognize the position of sounds? If one made a noise at a little distance from you you could instantly tell from what direction it came, because experience has taught you to judge of this matter through the very slight difference in the intensity of sound in your two ears. An experiment will readily prove this.

Stop up the left ear firmly with cotton wool and go into a dark room with some one else who carries a bell. Let the other person strike the bell in different parts of the room, yourself remaining still. No matter where the bell is, it will always seem to you to sound on your right side, even though it may actually be near the left ear. Persons deaf in one ear can never tell whence a sound comes. It takes two ears to do this.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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# You Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

## A HUMAN ARROW.

New Trapeze Feat Performed by a Girl of Seventeen.

A pretty little acrobat has introduced a new sensation to this country, says the Boston Advertiser. She climbs to a lofty perch, lies flat on her face upon a smooth plank, with her feet resting against a velvet-covered block of wood attached to the string of a huge cross-bow. Then she stiffens her body, extends her hands in front of her and cries "ready." A catch is pulled, the string of the bow sings as it cuts the air, and little Alar is hurled, as rigid as a steel bar, head first through a paper target at which she had been carefully aimed, and sails through the air in a graceful curve to the other side of the big tent, where, just as she begins to descend, she is caught by another woman, who swings head downward, hanging from a trapeze, which oscillates in such a manner that, just at the right moment, it brings the dangling woman within reach of the flying girl, and just as the spectators are wondering whether the little one is going to land and how badly she will be hurt, they see her safely dropped into a comfortable and inviting pair of arms.

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the genuine, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the genuine, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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# WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

**Wisconsin Banks.**  
The report of Bank Examiner Kidd covers the period between January 1 and July 1, 1905. It shows that during this period there has been an increase in the capital of state banks to the amount of \$49,000, while during the same time there has been a decrease in the capital of the private banks of the state in the sum of \$1,513.23. Three new state banks have been organized during the period and four private banks. The aggregate amount of resources and liabilities of the state and private banks, as reported, is \$43,757,713.54; loans and discounts, \$23,467,412.03; cash reserve, \$5,697,202.53.

**A Determined Maniac.**  
Under Sheriff Silbaugh, of Vilanova, was shot through the jaw while attempting to arrest Dennis Bergh, who had escaped from the asylum at Mendota six times and returned as many times to terrorize his family and neighbors. He had armed himself with a revolver and taken refuge in his room and when the officer approached he shot him in the jaw at close range. The officers seized Bergh, but before he could obtain a firm hold Bergh jerked away and jumped through a second-story window and escaped.

**Six Persons Drowned.**  
Six persons were drowned in Shawano lake during a gale. A party consisting of O. A. Lissum and wife, Herman Drackrey and wife and Louis Gokley, wife and child, of Puleiver, Miss Emma Garbrecht, of Shawano, and Miss Margaret Crown, of St. Nazianz, started from Cecil in Mr. Lissum's yacht, en route for a few days' outing on the north shore of the lake. When about three miles from shore the boat was capsized by a sudden squall and all but Mr. Lissum, Mr. Drackrey and the Gokley child were drowned.

**Ashlanders in Alaska.**  
The Alaska Gold Lake Mining company has been organized in Ashland by ex-Gov. A. P. Swineford, of Alaska, and local men. The property of the company is located about 14 miles from Sitka. Operations will be commenced at once. They have a stamp mill, concentrator and other necessary mining machinery on the ground ready for business, and have already mined 500 tons of nine-dollar ore. The capital stock is \$50,000.

**Sues for His Dead Child.**  
William Acklam, father of the boy who was killed and torn to pieces at Racine by bulldogs several weeks ago, has commenced an action in the circuit court against the Hell City Manufacturing company for \$5,000 damages. Although a transfer in the employ of the company claimed he owned the dogs, they were kept on the premises of the company. All efforts to settle the case have proved fruitless, hence the suit.

**Lake Michigan Pirates.**  
Two men arrested at Sturgeon Bay for the burglary committed in Ahnapee seem to belong to a regularly organized gang of pirates. When arrested in their boat they were sleeping alongside of four revolvers, and their cargo consisted of lace, silverware, clothing, shoes, etc. They also had a full kit of burglar tools in their possession.

**The News Condensed.**  
The contract for building the basement and first story of the State Historical society's portion of the new state library building at Madison was awarded to T. H. Bentley, of Milwaukee, for \$32,321. This portion of the building is to be completed the present season.

Mary, eldest daughter of Dennis Sullivan, committed suicide at Harbison by hanging herself in the barn. She was 16 years of age. There was no cause except poor health.

The trunk of a human body, supposed to be that of Pagan, alias French, of Marshalltown, Ia., who disappeared mysteriously while hunting last winter, was found near Brule. The head and legs of the body were gone.

Morgan Edwards, 25 years of age, fell from a street car at Kankakee, Ill., and died a few hours later. His wife and child live at Sparta.

A. P. Wilder, a jeweler at Eau Claire, locked his front door and went to supper. A thief cut a pane of glass at the rear and in a short time swept off the entire stock, valued at \$500.

The free delivery mail service at Mazomanie has been discontinued.

Dr. George H. Calkins, for 25 years a practicing physician of Waupesa, died suddenly of hemorrhage of the brain, aged 66 years.

Otto Luther, of Baraboo, who was badly burned in a gas explosion, is dead.

John Lenthous, a Frenchman, was stabbed by a colored woman of the street at Superior and may die.

Dr. Thompson, vice president of the Wisconsin State Eclectic Medical association died in Beloit, aged 57.

Albert Glancy, a deckhand on the Tacoma, was fatally injured at Superior by a fall into the hold of the vessel. His home is Sarnia, Ont.

John H. Haviland, a prominent merchant at Janesville, died at Boulder, Col., where he had gone in search of health.

Mary Sullivan, of the town of Dellona, was reported found dead in bed. It is now learned that she hanged herself. Cause unknown.

Mrs. Dora E. Nisson committed suicide at Centralia by jumping into the Wisconsin river. She leaves a husband and three children.

Five bodies of victims of the yachting accident at Shawano have been recovered, viz: Mrs. O. A. Lissum, Mrs. Herman Drackrey, Mrs. Gokley and Misses Garbrecht and Crown. The body of Mr. Gokley had not been found.

The post office at Fort Howard has been consolidated with the Green Bay post office.

Twelve lands attended the eighth annual convention at Hartford of the Northwestern Band association.

# THE NATIONAL GAME.

Standing of the Leading Clubs for the Week Ended July 2.

Following tables show the number of games won and lost and the percentage of the clubs of the leading baseball organizations. National League.	Wins.	Losses.	Per cent.
Cleveland	29	14	.675
Baltimore	28	15	.652
Boston	27	16	.625
Pittsburgh	26	17	.605
Chicago	25	18	.581
Philadelphia	24	19	.558
Washington	23	20	.535
Brooklyn	22	21	.512
New York	21	22	.489
St. Louis	20	23	.466
Louisville	19	24	.443
Western League:			
Indianapolis	20	15	.571
Detroit	19	16	.543
Minneapolis	18	17	.512
Kansas City	17	18	.485
St. Paul	16	19	.457
Milwaukee	15	20	.429
Cincinnati	14	21	.400
Columbus	13	22	.371
Western Association:			
Des Moines	15	14	.517
Rockford	14	15	.481
Norfolk	13	16	.447
Grand Rapids	12	17	.413
Cedar Rapids	11	18	.379
Galena	10	19	.344
St. Joseph	9	20	.310
Springfield	8	21	.276

# THREE DROWNED.

Two Boys and a Girl Lost Their Lives on the Erie Canal.

Rochester, N. Y., July 6.—Lena Disig, 12 years old, and Jacob and John Lee, aged six and five years respectively, sons of James Lee, lost their lives and four other persons narrowly escaped death on the Erie canal 200 feet east of the Smith street bridge in this city at eight o'clock Sunday night. James Lee, an employee of the Whitney grain elevator, with his wife, two children and Minard and Lena Disig, a young man named Levi Linsey, went out on the canal in an old skiff. The skiff collided with a passing canal boat and capsized and the seven passengers were pulled under the canal boat by the suction of the water. With the aid of people on shore all were rescued but the three children.

**A Negro Lynched.**  
Rockville, Md., July 6.—Sidney Randolph, a negro, charged with the murder of little Sadie Buxton and with a brutal assault with intent to murder the girl's father, mother and older sister during the night of May 23, at their home near Gaithersburg, was lynched before daylight Saturday morning by a mob of determined men, who overcame the sheriff and forced him to surrender the keys to the jail. The negro protested his innocence of the crime to the last.

**Shot His Brother Dead.**  
Nicholasville, Ky., July 4.—Larkin Fain shot and killed his brother Joe at Little Hickman in a fight over a woman. Some time ago Rosa Hill was forced to leave Little Hickman by indignant citizens. She returned a few days ago and was living with Larkin. Thursday night a quarrel arose between the two brothers through jealousy, with the result above mentioned. They fought with knives. Larkin is only 19 years old.

**Killed His Mother's Assistant.**  
Bellaire, O., June 4.—Friday night during a quarrel between Jack Cunningham, of Martin's Ferry, and Mrs. Kate Long, on a shanty boat in the Ohio river, Cunningham fatally shot the woman in the breast and wounded her blind daughter in the leg. Before Cunningham could again fire a young son of Mrs. Long shot him through the temple, killing him instantly.

**Asst. Corbin's Will.**  
New York, July 2.—The will of Austin Corbin, the late president of the Long Island railroad, was offered Thursday afternoon for probate in the office of the surrogate of Suffolk county. The exact amount of the estate is not given, but it amounts to several million dollars, which is disposed of between his children and grandchildren and other relatives.

**Pat Oil in a Lighted Store.**  
Milwaukee, July 6.—Amelia Killen, employed as a domestic at 423 Greenbush street, attempted to fill an oil stove while it was burning and set herself on fire. She died four hours later at the Emergency hospital. She was 20 years old.

**Rockford's Population.**  
Rockford, Ill., July 4.—The school census, just completed, gives Rockford a population of 30,000. This is an increase of 4,500 over the figures of 1900.

# THE MARKETS.

New York, July 6.		
LIVE STOCK—Steers	11 10	11 10
Sheep	10 00	10 00
PORK—Minnesota Packers	12 00	12 00
Winter Hams	11 00	11 00
WHEAT—No. 1 Hard	1 10	1 10
No. 2 Red	1 00	1 00
CORN—No. 2	60	60
September	61	61
OATS—Western	30	30
POKE—Mess, New	15	15
BARLEY—Rendered	11 00	11 00
BUTTER—Western Cream	11 00	11 00
EGGS—		
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Bevers	11 00	11 00
Stocks and Feeders	10 00	10 00
Cows and Bulls	9 00	9 00
TEXAS STEERS	10 00	10 00
HOGS—Light	10 00	10 00
Heavy Packing	9 00	9 00
SHEEP—Wool	10 00	10 00
BUTTER—Creamery	11 00	11 00
Eggs	11 00	11 00
MILWAUKEE.		
CATTLE—Bevers	11 00	11 00
Stocks and Feeders	10 00	10 00
Cows and Bulls	9 00	9 00
TEXAS STEERS	10 00	10 00
HOGS—Light	10 00	10 00
Heavy Packing	9 00	9 00
SHEEP—Wool	10 00	10 00
BUTTER—Creamery	11 00	11 00
Eggs	11 00	11 00
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 00	11 00
Stocks and Feeders	10 00	10 00
Cows and Bulls	9 00	9 00
TEXAS STEERS	10 00	10 00
HOGS—Light	10 00	10 00
Heavy Packing	9 00	9 00
SHEEP—Wool	10 00	10 00
BUTTER—Creamery	11 00	11 00
Eggs	11 00	11 00
DETROIT.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	11 00	11 00
Stocks and Feeders	10 00	10 00
Cows and Bulls	9 00	9 00
TEXAS STEERS	10 00	10 00
HOGS—Light	10 00	10 00
Heavy Packing	9 00	9 00
SHEEP—Wool	10 00	10 00
BUTTER—Creamery	11 00	11 00
Eggs	11 00	11 00

# THE FASHION OF HEALTH.

Rules to be Followed by Persons Desiring to Grow Strong.

It is continually said that women would as soon be out of the world as out of fashion; that they would follow fashion if it should lead directly to the grave. While this is an exaggeration, of course, it must be admitted that they are greatly attached to fashion, and that it is fortunate for them when it sets in wholesome directions, as it does now, and has done for nearly a generation. During all that time, at least, it has been the fashion to be healthy, and it is such to-day more than ever. We all like to see a woman sound and vigorous in body, with a good appetite, who can walk, and is fond of outdoor exercise.

A very young person might think that it had never been otherwise; that nobody could, in recent times, have been foolish enough to regard favorably physical delicacy or any tendency to invalidism. But it is in the memory of people now living that pale complexions, very slender figures and frequent ailments were considered particularly interesting in young women. These were said to eat chalk, slate pencils and paper, and such substances as produce severe indigestion, accompanied by a colorless complexion and a languid manner suggestive of romance and extreme sensibility. This morbid fancy and feeling must have been the result of the Byron craze, which began early in the century and lasted for 50 years. How bravely we have recovered from such maudlin sentiment, such sickly fatalism, we of the present need not be told.

Women, young or not young, who are generally ailing, who have feeble constitutions and despondent moods, may be pitted more than in the past, but they have ceased to be attractive on that account. Illness or bodily weakness of any kind is no longer idealized. But robust health, high vitality, genuine endurance, are thoroughly appreciated. So are good looks; but a man would rather see a healthful bronzed complexion gained by a woman's exposure to sun and wind than a pallid face that had been zealously shielded from unpleasant weather. He would rather see tanned hands with a firm grasp than soft, slender taper, nerveless fingers, caressing the strings of a harp or guitar. She is another creature than her grandmother or her mother was. She is clothed with new flesh, and she owns an altogether different system. Her nerves are far firmer, and her muscles have lost their flaccidity. She believes in sound health as the prime essential of life. To have it and to keep it are among the first duties she owes herself. She has grown to be a devoted and enlightened disciple of Hygieia, having discarded various false divinities whom she once worshipped.

Drugs and physicians she does not cleave to as of old. She considers nature the great mediciner, discarding many artificialities, and trying, so far as she has light, to obey nature's laws. Home is not her sole allurements and her sole obligation, as it was in the era of her grandmother. She adds to its brightness, to her own well-being and comfort, as her mental expansiveness and her clearer judgment, by domestic contrasts and excursions abroad. She has become acquainted with the great world; she has stopped taking all her views at second hand. She is physically transformed; she gets pleasure, recreation, inestimable benefit from outdoor sports. She swims, she skates, she runs, she coasts in winter, she rows, she rides a wheel, she goes fishing and hunting often, she vies with her brothers in athletic sports. She is what would have been called 20 years ago a perfect Amazon; and yet she has not relinquished a particle of her womanhood. In truth, she has rather broadened and deepened it. She is gentler, and much stronger; she has not parted with any of her tenderness; but she has acquired fresh development in divers directions. She has enlarged her activities and usefulness; she has mounted to a far loftier plane. She is, to express it mathematically, woman raised to a higher power.

There are inevitably some ultra-conformative people who, looking on any change with abhorrence, think that woman has deteriorated, not advanced, by her bodily betterment, by the acceptance of new opportunities. But they belong to the same class, though much later in time, as they who believed that gross ignorance in a woman was an added charm. We all remember the French courtesier who asked the young lady of quality: "Are you not ashamed to write so well, you who have so much grace and beauty?" Perhaps there are human fossils to-day shocked to see so many fine women in unquestionable and superabundant health. But they can better afford to be shocked than the women can to return to the virtual invalidism prevalent throughout the republic only a few decades ago.—Harper's Bazar.

**Creamed Dried Beef.**  
For a family of six allow one-half pound of beef, two cups of milk, two tablespoonsful of butter, two teaspoonsful of flour. Place the beef in a frying-pan, cover with cold water, set on the fire and gradually heat to scalding. Take up and drain the water off and return to the stove, stirring and shaking the beef in the pan to dry off all the water. When this is done add the butter to the beef and cook until brown, stirring all the time. Add the flour to the fat, stir well, cook one minute, then add the milk. It will thicken quickly and should form a creamy dressing for the beef when done. Dust lightly with pepper when on the serving platter.—Boston Globe.

**Heavenly Contempt.**  
Mrs. Figg—Tommy, why is it you never play with the little boy next door? He seems to be such a nice little boy.  
Tommy—Aw, he's one of these sneaky kind of kids that says he likes his teacher.—Indianapolis Journal.

# HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

An Old Lady Finds the True Source of Vitality.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview with a Lady of Seventy-Two Years, Who Tells a Marvellous Story.

From the Editor, Rev. J. H. X. Y.  
But a short time ago, in a distant part of the country, we heard of a cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which seemed almost marvellous, and more recently another substantial evidence of their value reached our ears. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, and wishing to know just how much there was in the story, a reporter was sent to interview the person said to be thus benefited. If the narrative as it had reached our ears was true, it was only simple justice to let it be known—it is proved untrue, it would be well to know it. The person alluded to above as having been thus greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills is Mrs. Jane Hamilton, of Hainesville, N. J., a pleasant homely in Hainesville, County, about fifteen miles from this office. The reporter had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Hamilton. It was nearly noon when we reached her pleasant home, a double house, one part of which is occupied by her house, the other a pleasant old lady, looking to be about sixty-five, but in reality seventy-two years of age. After a preliminary remark in explanation of the call, she was asked if she had any objection to giving us the details of the case and how she came to try this new famous remedy.

"Not at all," she said. "If my experience can be of any good to others, I am sure they are welcome to it—it can do me no harm."  
"When were you taken sick and what was the nature of the malady?" she was asked.

"It was about two years ago," she said. "I was run down by character—sclerotic, they called it—and it was very painful indeed. The difficulty began in my hip and extended the whole length of the limb, crippling me completely. I suffered intensely from it, and the ordinary treatment gave me no relief. The slightest movement caused me pain, and I was unable to do anything but lie in bed. I was so weak that I could not get up, and I was fast becoming discouraged."  
"What brought Pink Pills to your notice?"

"My son called my attention to an article in a paper, in which it was stated that Mrs. Hamilton, of Hainesville, a village in this county, had been greatly benefited by their use, and suggested that it would be a good plan to try them. But I was skeptical in regard to their value—in fact, I had no confidence in the efficacy of either medicine or surgery. I was badly crippled. A few days later my son was about to visit a neighboring town and suggested again that it might be well to try this much-talked-of remedy, and I then consented. He brought me a box of them, and I began taking them at once. At the end of a week I noted a marked improvement, and by the time I had taken the first box I was able to walk without a cane. I continued their use, taking several boxes, and, as you see, in a very comfortable state of my return of the trouble."

"Not at all," she said. "At my time of life, seventy-two, I would not be surprised if I should have. If it comes, I should at once begin the use of the pills. I suppose I inherit a tendency to rheumatism of this kind—my mother had it, too."  
"Do you ever notice any ill effects from the use of Pink Pills?"

"None whatever. They never disturbed my stomach in any way or caused me any annoyance. Neither did I find it necessary to increase the dose as the directions say may be desirable. I am able, as you see, to attend to my own work."

"Do you thank Dr. Williams for her courtesy and have her good day. It is not often that one can witness a permanent recovery from such a painful and disabling ailment as an advanced age, and such instances cannot fail to produce a profound impression. Readers of the *Times* may rely on the absolute accuracy of all the statements here given—nothing has been exaggerated, nothing withheld."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

# A FABLE.

The Squirrel, Owl and Mice, Also the Reflections of a Bluejay.

It was in late summer and the owl sat upon a branch looking very wise and doing nothing, while the squirrel busied himself with the nuts lying about on the ground, gathering them expeditiously and stowing them away in hollows and holes.

Winter came by and by and with its sharp cold and deep snow, but still the owl sat upon the branch looking wise and doing nothing. The squirrel perched at him, thinking that the owl must be hungry and starving, because the bird had not been a provident one. Each day the squirrel grew fatter, but the owl did not change, which the squirrel thought to be due to the feathers stuck out by the owl in his false pride.

When it was at last between fall and spring time, the blue-jay one day saw the wise owl perched on the branch and seized the fat, provident squirrel by the neck and ate him, after which the owl returned to the branch, and sat upon it, looking wiser than ever, and the blue jay wondered if it was better to be provident like the squirrel, wise like the owl, or lucky like the mice that thereafter ate of the squirrel's store.

**Yellowstone Park.**  
Is more and more impressing itself upon the public, as the years go by, as being the great park of the land. The strong feature of it is the fact that it is not a man made park. True enough man has built roads and bridges and hotels in order that he may see the park, but he has not yet tried his hand at constructing new fangled geysers, or re-adorning or re-sculpturing the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone. These areas God left there. There, too, the elk, bear, deer and other animals are not enclosed in wire fences. They wander free and unfettered whithersoever they will. Man's handiwork is but little seen and the park is the grander for it. Send Chas. A. Peck, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, six cents for Wonderland '06, and read about the park.

"You never get," said Uncle Eben, "wouldn't you say so stingy that he isn't willing to share his kaffin' time with somebody that's really busy."—Washington Star.

**Home-seekers' Excursions South.**  
On the 15th and 16th of June, also July 6, 7, 8 and 9, and several dates during August, September and October, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. will sell first class round trip tickets, good 31 days from date of sale, for one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip, to all points in the South, and the South, to take at any time, all the best. For further information address C. W. Humphrey, N. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. City Ticket Office, N. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

A new heart is a strain of such imperceptible and subtly interwoven threads, that even the owner of it is often himself at a loss how to unravel it.—Ritchie.

**HARGREAVES.**—I met Buffalo Bill when I was in Chicago the last time. "Ferry—life is about the only bill you ever met, isn't it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Valuable Franchise Secured.**  
The franchise of easy digestion—one of the most valuable in the gift of medical science—can be secured by any person wise enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to keep it at bay. Bilious, rheumatic and fever and ague sufferers, persons troubled with nervousness, and the constipated, should also secure the health franchise by the same means.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.—Chesterfield.

Merit is a prophesy of what life is to be, the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

First stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is not your posterity, but your actions that will perpetuate your memory.—Napoleon.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. H. Townsend, 60 Howard, Wis., May 4, '91.

Nature cannot be surprised in address. Beauty breaks in everywhere.—Emerson.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 50c.

HARD TO BEAT.—A well carpet.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

**Every one to her taste**  
—as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. If you'd rather do your washing and cleaning in a slow, laborious way, spending your time and strength in useless, tiresome, ruinous rubbing, it's nobody's business but yours. You are the one that will suffer by it.

But if you want the easiest, quickest, most economical way of washing and cleaning—then you'll have to use Pearlina. There's nothing else, among things absolutely safe to wash with, that can be compared to it.



"Judgment!"

**Battleax PLUG**

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

**Half A MILLION DOLLARS**  
To be Given Away in Articles of Mail Pouch  
"Chewing and Smoking" (The Only ANTI-NEUROUS and ANTI-DYSPEPTIC TOBACCO.)

SAVE YOUR COUPONS (OR EMPTY SADS UNTIL COUPONS APPEAR) AND GET IN EXCHANGE FREE THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE AND USEFUL ARTICLES:

- VALUABLE PICTURES.
- Handsome Water Colors. Landscape and Marine, size 14x21, 15 subjects.
- Fine Pastel Pictures. Landscape and Figures, size 14x21 inches, 15 subjects.
- Beautiful Venetian Scenes. Works of Art, size 14x21 inches, 15 subjects.
- Magnificent Water Color Gravures, after famous artists, size 14x21 inches, 15 subjects.
- NO ADVERTISING ON ANY OF THE ABOVE. Such Excellent Works of Art have never before been offered. They are available for exchange for any name, and to be appreciated must be seen.
- CHOICE BOOKS.
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- Jack Knives and Pen Knives, first quality. American manufacture. Razor Steel. Hand forged. Anly tempered Blades. Bag Handles.
- RATORS.
- Highest Grade. Size. 10x10x10 Ground.
- POCKET BOOKS.
- Finest Quality Leather. Ladies and Gent's.
- CYCLOMETERS.
- 1000 Mile Repeating. For any size Bicycle.
- EXCELLENT Open Face WATCHES.
- The "Mail Pouch" Watches are made by a leading American Watch Company and are guaranteed, without qualification. The works contain all improvements up to date. They will wear and perform well for a lifetime if only carefully cared for. Coupons explain how to secure All Articles. One Coupon in each 5 cent (5 cent) Package. Two Coupons in each 10 cent (10 cent) Package. Mail Pouch Tobacco is sold by all dealers. Packages (now on sale) containing no coupons will be accepted as coupons. "See" Empty Box as one Coupon. Address: Mail Pouch Tobacco Co., 1111 Broadway, New York City. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Mailed on application. Giving complete list and description of all articles and titles of Books and Pictures; also telling how to get them. The Bloch Bros. Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va. No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1907.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, HIRE'S Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.

Mail only to The Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 2c. package makes a gallon. Sold every where.



## An Honest Yarn!

There is a principle in advertising that is as plain as day to honest folk.

"Be Fair," say what you mean, mean what you say, make it plain.

We remember this when we write our advertisements. We had it in mind when we wrote this. You will find no fireworks to blind your eyes in this ad. Simply facts; the truth plainly told, that's all.

### GOODS CHEAP,

But no Cheap Goods.

We are not selling goods at cost and less than cost to please you.

We appreciate your trade, respect and think a great deal of you, but not enough to give you all.

Now in regard to buying goods cheap, we say shop around a bit, at least come and see what we can do for you and if you do not find our prices lower than any cost or special sale you ever saw in this city, we humbly beg your pardon for what we have said.

### PRICE

Tells the Story.

Lawns, per yard.....	3 cts.
Dimities, per yard.....	5 cts.
Organdies, per yard.....	12 cts.
Ladies' Underwear, at.....	2 cts.
Men's " " at.....	25 cts.

Others will tell you it costs thirty-seven cts.

Compare our prices on shoes with the so-called cost prices around town. You will be surprised at the amount we can save you on each pair.

## CASH DEPARTMENT STORE,

312, 314, 316 Brown Street.

Rhineland, Wis.

Will Langley left for Munking on Tuesday.

Tina Connors was up from Merrill last Tuesday.

The new ball park is likely to influence new life in the game here.

Buy your dry goods at Gray's where you can get them at wholesale prices.

If you want protection from high prices, trade at the Cash Department Store.

Mrs. D. J. Buckley, of Hurley, spent the 4th in our city with her many friends.

The chance of the season to buy goods cheap is at Gray's during the special sale.

Miss Jennie Barnes left Sunday night for Pueblo, Col. where she will spend some months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jockel, of Lake Mills, are in the city this week, guests of Archie Stewart and wife.

State Senator Neal Brown of Wausau was in the city a few hours Tuesday looking after some legal business.

Mr. A. J. Hickman and Mrs. W. A. Lane were married yesterday afternoon by Rev. Hawley. They will live in the sixth ward.

Charley Miles has finished work with the Bradley-Kelly Company at McNaughton and is thinking of moving his family to Ashland.

You can have your choice of any straw hat in the Cash Department Store for 50 cents. The regular price on these hats is from one to two dollars.

County fair week will be quite a week here. After the successful afternoon's entertainment furnished by the agricultural society there is a decided increase in the confidence of the public towards the ultimate success of the whole scheme.

"Look before you Leap" is an old saying and a good one. Better look at prices at the Cash Department Store before you leap into some other place and drop your hard earned money without knowing whether goods are cheap or not.

Space for advertising matter in the first premium list of the Oneida County Agricultural Society can be secured at this office. The book is now being printed and will be out within a short time. It will consist of about fifty pages, and an edition of one thousand copies will be issued. They will go to every home in Oneida county as well as a good many in other localities.

Everything marked in plain figures at the Cash Department Store.

Mrs. Chas. Cruse left Sunday night for a few weeks visit with relatives in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis are rejoicing over the arrival of a little boy at their home on the glorious 4th.

For Sale—Forty acres of improved farming land, one mile from the city. For sale cheap. Apply to box 205, Rhineland, Wis.

You can save money by buying goods at Gray's. Everything in the store is offered at cost for the next thirty days.

Mrs. Levi J. Billings left Sunday night for New York state where she will spend several weeks at her old home, Binghamton, and at Buffalo.

There is no money in buying cheap goods when you can get the best quality at Gray's at wholesale prices.

Miss Myra Germond returned from Oconto yesterday, where she has been visiting relatives. Last week she took the teachers' state examination in Appleton.

Unless you buy of merchants that buy goods low, you pay too much even if you get goods at so-called cost. If you wish to know how cheap you can buy good goods go to the Cash Department Store.

Tomahawk Lake and McNaughton contested at base ball on the fourth. The former city carried off first honors by quite a margin. The same clubs play a return game at McNaughton on Sunday.

What do you think when you can buy goods at regular prices lower than some of the same for and claim they are selling at cost?

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints. —Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentery, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cure it has effected. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

Dr. H. H. H. spent a few days at his old home, Kilbourn City, last week.

A large lot of men's and boy's straw hats to be closed out at 15 cents each at the Cash Department Store. There are many high priced hats in this lot.

The fair grounds should be cleared in the center of the track. It would then make one of the best looking and really best grounds, all things considered, that Northern Wisconsin could boast. A fine base ball park could easily be made in the enclosure.

If you can buy goods as low in other places as you can at the Cash Department Store they are cheap. If you cannot they are dear no matter if they are at cost, wholesale or retail sale.

A number of boys went to Antigo on the Fourth and played the second nine of that city at base ball. The score was ten to seven in favor of the Antigo youngsters. On Sunday the same teams played and the Rhineland boys were again scooped. They are not discouraged by any means and intend to get their conquerors up here and try and change victor to vanquished.

Tom Maloney, living about four miles out of the city, was thrown from a wagon while returning home yesterday afternoon and had a gash several inches long cut in his head. He was unconscious for some time but upon coming to his senses, would not submit to medical treatment, and left for his home at once. It was not learned how serious his injuries were.

Frank Bryant was down from McNaughton last Friday with a basket full of banquet lay out which was served to some of the K. P. members after lodge. It was a frog leg supper and those who attended are convinced that McNaughton amounts to something more than simply being a little lumber burg. It raises the biggest and fattest frogs of any country this side of France.

E. S. Shepard was the recipient of a handsome and useful present last Friday, given him for the pleasant and graceful manner in which he aided the entertainment of Prof. Henry and party last summer. Mr. Shepard at the time prepared some unique and decidedly handsome menu cards for the reception given the visitors by Mrs. W. E. Brown, and last Friday Mrs. Brown presented him with a 35 piece China set.

Prof. C. L. Lundquist, the gentleman who gave two Graphophone-phonograph exhibitions at the Baptist church this week, is now located at the Oneida House where his instruments are in operation. Choice orchestra and band selections by the masters may be heard. He has seventy-two cylinders, all of them bearing impressions. Prof. Lundquist has made arrangements to give an entertainment at the Grand Opera House Saturday evening. Admission 10 and 20 cents.

Mrs. Rhodie of Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another neighbor had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy. —Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

There was an impromptu trot at the fair grounds Tuesday morning between some of the local horses. Incidentally someone remarked that the center of the track ought to be cleared and put into good shape. Art. Rogers, who has done more than any one man to make the fair scheme a success so far, was present and said he would stump and level it for one hundred dollars. Chipping in for the scheme immediately started and before the affair was over the money was raised and the contract let. It will be a great improvement and will make the grounds as fine as any in this part of Wisconsin. It will also make a fine new ball park. The work will be completed in about three weeks.

Father William Roosmalen, who has been in charge of the parish here for some time, has been called to take the church at Sturgeon Bay. Father Roosmalen speaks five different languages fluently and on account of the diversified nationality of the congregation at Sturgeon Bay, it is necessary that some such accomplished man should be in charge. Father Huguenoth, of Clintonville, will come here to take Father Roosmalen's place. The church people and many others here will regret exceedingly that Father Roosmalen is to leave. He is not only a brainy and able preacher, but a most agreeable citizen and gentleman.

The shrewd up-to-date shopper looks around and learns prices at the Cash Department Store before falling into traps set by others.

The Lightning Rod Agent. Last evening the Sutherland Theater Co. presented that popular play "The Lightning Rod Agent," at Alexander Hall to a good sized audience. This piece is a very funny one and the audience was kept in roar of laughter throughout the evening. Miss Esther Pettie as "Little Ferret" and Frank Cotton the "Lightning Rod Agent," carried off the honors of the evening, and Mr. Sutherland who took the part of Harry Wakefield the sailor, also deserves much praise. Miss Pettie, the star of the company, is a little wonder on the stage; she takes the most difficult parts and carries them through with the ease and precision of one who has spent years on the stage, though the young lady is but thirteen years of age. Mr. Frank Cotton is a born comedian, having a perfect dialect for all of his many different parts. The bill tonight is "Jane." —Wausau Record.

The above company will be at the Grand Opera House July 12th, for one week.

Half Rate to St. Louis, Mo.

On account of the National Populist Convention and American Silver Convention, the North-Western Line will, on July 14th, 20th and 21st, sell excursion tickets to St. Louis, Mo., and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip—good for return passage until July 27, 1896, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Low Rate to Fond du Lac.

On account of the Wisconsin State Turnfest, the North-Western Line will, on July 17, 18 and 19, sell excursion tickets to Fond du Lac and return at reduced rates. Tickets good returning until and including July 22, 1896. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

\$25.00 Reward.

The above reward is offered for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who have been breaking into, damaging and stealing from the property situated on lot 5, section 5, town 37, range 9, at Pine Lake, Wis. JAS. S. KIRK & CO.

THE HIDDEN CITY

WATER H. McDUGALL

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[CONTINUED.]

Even in the half light of the coming dawn it could be seen that Kiplay was old and blind, and though his figure bowed many an inch before his only master, Time, fine and tall, thin and withered, it still showed the remains of a powerful and graceful form. Now and then he held his waste hands over the languid fire to measure its burning or cast a few trigs of cedar upon it, muttering, as old men do, to himself the while. As the sky grew brighter and redder with the dawn he seemed to feel it and know that the day was approaching, for he rapped sharply several times upon the roof, as if in summons to another person.

In a moment a second figure appeared, coming up through a trapdoor, and stood before him in a respectful, yet easy and familiar attitude. Then as the aged Kiplay tottered it sprang to his side and lovingly passed a strong arm about him, leading him to a stone seat beside the altar and placing him tenderly upon it. The old man reached out his hand, feeling for that of the younger man, and placing it against his breast he held it there in silence. After awhile he spoke, and his voice was round and full, though now and then a quaver, a grace note as it were, broke upon its even tones:

"Kulcan, my son, the beating of my heart grows feeble, and this day, the greatest, most sacred in the year, may be my last. For a hundred and two years I have seen the sun rise over the red cliffs, but tomorrow I may not see it. Thus I feel that now, while my strength remains in me, I should leave you my last words of instruction and advice. You will succeed me as high priest, and there is no one more worthy, no one to whom I would leave the cares and the honors of my sacred office more willingly nor more fearlessly. Today, as you will know, I was to make the holy sacrifice to the sun, the sacrifice of the Thirteenth Year, yet my strength fails me, and you, my son, shall perform the sacred rite. No one but myself for eighty-five years has shed the blood of the virgin sacrifice, and yet 'tis with a cheerful heart I lay the office down. At noon put on the holy robe, and, as you alone have been instructed, perform the rite that our people may be held together and their religion be preserved."

The hand against Kiplay's bosom was trembling, and Kulcan's figure shook with the emotion he endeavored to suppress. For some moments he appeared unable to reply. Then placing his hand upon the old man's shoulder he said:

"My father, you tell me to perform the rite that our people may be held together and their religion preserved. Why not say that the sun god may be merciful to us and preserve our people?" His voice had a bitter, sarcastic ring, and the old man replied quickly:

"Oh, Kulcan, you will not learn the lesson I have striven so diligently to teach. Know that the people are not as we are and cannot be lifted to the level of our knowledge. You, who have been initiated into the mysteries and dwell in the higher atmosphere of lofty thought, do not realize the distance between their and our conception of religion. Among all the priests to you alone have I dared to reveal my inward thoughts and true beliefs, but it was because I saw in you, as in the dead governor, your father, the spirit of philosophic reason, as well as the fact to low to popular prejudice in religious matters. I have spoken to you as to my own soul. You know that I despise the images of the god and worship him, as I have taught you, without fires or feasts or sacrifices; but you know that the people require these signs and symbols to keep them true to their obedience; that 'tis thus we rule them and not with reason or philosophy. 'Tis the tribute they pay to intellect—the tribute they have paid for countless ages and must in some form continue to pay."

"But 'tis time," impulsively interrupted Kulcan, "that they were brought to see that these cruel, inhuman sacrifices should be abolished. Something, I know not what, tells me that we are beyond and above them now, and that the people themselves will welcome the change and rejoice that their children no longer may be thrown to the senseless image of the fierce, bloodthirsty sun god! Oh, father," he cried, shuddering, "can we not devise, before it is forever too late, some means to prevent this murder of Aineec?"

"It is even now too late," answered the aged priest coldly. "Can you not see with what feverish impetuosity the people await the light of this day? They know their children are safe now that the lot has fallen on the girl Aineec, and they thirst for the spectacle for which they have waited thirteen years. Today they believe Ketzalcoatl, with his dove upon his hand, will return, as on this day for ages they have looked for him. In vain will they look; he will not return, but they must have their sacrifice, or their wrath will turn upon the priests, and we shall perish. Upon it rests our very existence. Murmurs have already been heard against us—we are called filth and bread eaters of the poor. It is our only hope, and upon you it will rest today. Were it only a question of my life or your life alone, I would willingly die; but we cannot prevent the slaughter by our deaths."

"Alas, my son" (the old man's voice softened and quivered), "time brings but the same tale. Eighty long years ago I, too, loved a maiden as you, I know—nay, start not—love Aineec; yet she was chosen, and this withered hand plunged the sacred knife into her throat. Her eyes were on me as she fell upon my breast—they are with me now! I killed her, and when the day was done I climbed the cliff and wandered out upon the desert plains which lie about the city in search of some other land. For days I roamed, returning for water and food, and then starting anew in other directions, as you, too, have done, in a spirit of discovery, and finding, as you have done, that we are alone in the world—a city in a desert—the remnants of a once great people, I returned to my duties, and since that day I have been the most zealous in guarding the traditional customs of our religion."

"But, my father, we have the power, if we will, to prevent this horrid sacrifice today! Some plausible excuse can be offered to the credulous people, and an animal perhaps substituted for the beautiful maiden."

"It is too late, even were I willing," replied the aged priest. "As is the custom when the feast of the Thirteenth Year approaches, all prodigies in nature, in the air and on the earth, are eagerly regarded as omens of good or evil. The birth of the six horned calf has been accepted by the priests and the people as an evil sign, and the terrific storm of last night will have wrought their fears to a higher pitch. And now I will reveal to you a cause of secret uneasiness and great fear even to me."

"Last night, as the storm raged with a fury I have not often seen, there came a blast that shook the temple, and there seemed to sweep over my head a something, I know not what, but I felt its touch as though long, slender threads brushed by me, and out of the cloud there came a loud voice in warning; then it passed, but I heard the voice, and others, too, must have heard its loud tones. Think not that I was dreaming, or that it was the vagary of a blind man's mind. It is the truth. Long have I preached signs and wonders, yet this is the first I have myself witnessed or believed in. Were I to attempt to prevent the sacrifice the envious priests themselves will turn upon us, and we will but add our own bodies to the offering. I know it and it is impossible."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Friendly Hint.

The small cigar cutters generally seen in tobacco stores seem to exercise a strange fascination over some people. It seems that few people can stand near one of these machines without playing with it, and sometimes there is a finger cut. A dealer has a clever scheme by which to obviate this danger. A small sign upon the cutter reads: "For cigars, not fingers." —Exchange.

## SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT

MERCHANTS' STATE BANK

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

on the morning of July 6, 1896.

REMARKS.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$112,601.96
Real Estate.....	2,012.24
Building House and Fixtures.....	22,217.74
Other Real Estate.....	15,000.00
Due from Other Banks.....	26,880.52
Cash Items.....	2,612.29
U. S. and National Bank Notes.....	2,116.00
Total.....	\$221,120.75

LIABILITIES.

Capital.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus.....	2,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	12,800.74
Due Depositors on Demand.....	61,221.77
Due Depositors on Time.....	57,117.41
Due to Other Banks.....	7,432.22
Reserve.....	6,500.00
Total.....	\$221,120.75

S. H. Allen, Vice-President, and M. H. Raymond, Cashier, being severally duly sworn, do say that the foregoing is a full and correct statement of the assets and liabilities of the Merchants' State Bank, Rhineland, Wisconsin, as of the 30th day of June, 1896.

W. M. LANGLEY, Notary Public.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

ANNA RICE,

Plaintiff,

vs.

FRANK SELMER and MARY SELMER,

Defendants.

By virtue of, and pursuant to a judgment of foreclosure and order of sale rendered, and made in the above entitled action docketed in the 1st day of July, A. D. 1896, and duly docketed in said County, I shall offer for sale and sell at public auction at the front door of the Court House in the city of Rhineland, in said county and State of Wisconsin, on August 4, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, the following described mortgaged premises daily adjudged to be sold, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay and satisfy the said judgment, interest and costs of sale to-wit:

Lot Number Seven, (G) in Block Number 57, (G) in J. M. Keweenaw Addition to the Village of (now city), Rhineland according to the recorded plat thereof in the County of Oneida and State of Wisconsin.

Dated July 6, 1896. J. F. SMITH, Sheriff.

## HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In 30 to 60 days. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration. It is a powerful tonic, and builds up the system. It is a powerful tonic, and builds up the system. It is a powerful tonic, and builds up the system.

## Health and Accident Insurance.

Fidelity Mutual Aid Ass'n

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR 5 CENTS PER DAY.

WILL PAY, according to the hazard of occupation, from \$5.00 to \$25.00 a week, when unable to work through sickness or accident, \$25.00 per month, when you are accidentally killed.

WILL PAY, \$10.00 a week, when you are sick and unable to work.

WILL PAY, \$100.00 for funeral expenses.

WILL PAY, if you lose a hand and foot or both feet or both hands, \$125.00 to \$150.00.

If Insured

You cannot lose all your income when you are Sick or disabled by accident.

Absolute protection to the member upon paying \$5.00 the membership fee and dues of \$2.50 per month.

The Fidelity Mutual Aid Association is prominently the Largest and Strongest Accident and Health Association in the United States.

It has \$5,000,000 cash deposits with the states of California and Illinois, which, together with a simple reserve fund and large assets, make its certificate an absolute guarantee of the solidity of its protection to its members.

A two-thirds policy costs \$1.00 per month dues.

A one-third policy costs \$1.50 per quarter dues.

RELIAABLE AGENTS WANTED.

F. J. BENNETT,

316 Matthews St.

Milwaukee, Wis.

or OTTO BUCK, Special Agent.

Rhineland, Wis.

## Great Assignee Sale!

"CUT PRICES RIGHT AND LEFT."

It is the order of the day, owing to the fact that the time allowed for the disposal of the entire stock has fast drawing to a close. Following are some of the Great Bargains in

## SHIRT - WAISTS.

Ladies' Black and colored fancy Silk Waists, large Bishop sleeves, velvet trimmings, were \$12.00 and \$12.50 at	\$6.98
Ladies' colored Silk Waists, in Persian patterns, \$10.00 at	3.48
Ladies' colored China Silk Waists, large Bishop sleeves, value \$3.00 at	2.69
Ladies' French Percale Shirt Waists, bordered collars and cuffs, fine quality at	37c
Ladies' French Percale Shirt Waists, value \$1.00 at	49c
Ladies' La Belle Percale Shirt Waists, bordered collars and cuffs, large Bishop sleeves, value \$2.00 at	69c
Ladies' fine Percale Waists, child and hemstitched, fancy fronts, bordered collars and cuffs, value \$1.00 at	1.89
Ladies' P. K. Suits in light colors, stylishly made. They are famous at	3.50

Mail orders promptly attended to.

JOHN McEATHRON, Assignee, Grand Avenue and Third St., MILWAUKEE.

## E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faust's Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin